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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A THREATENED LABOR BATTLE

NORMALLY between 1,100,000 and 1,200,000 miners are engaged in the British industry, which as we write these lines is threatened with a general strike, but during the present depression the number of unemployed has risen rapidly until it reached 300,000 by the end of June. During the last eight months of 1924 the British coal trade showed a profit of only six cents per ton, but this profit was arrived at without making allowance for bank loans or interest on bonded debts. Had these been included there would have been an actual loss. During the present year the poorer pits have been closed down and only the more profitable mines have worked. As a result, there is a temporary profit of about twelve cents a ton before meeting interest on borrowings. These are operators' figures after allowing for the royalties they pay to the landowners.

Coal has always been an important British export. There was a decrease in shipments abroad of over five and one-quarter million tons during the

first six months of the present year, as compared with the corresponding months in 1924. This represents a falling off in foreign sales of about \$55,000,000, due to overproduction in other parts of the world and the growing competition of electricity and oil. During the past ten years the world's production of coal has actually decreased about three per cent, but meanwhile the production of lignite, which can now be utilized economically for gas and steam production, and which has become an important fuel in Germany, has increased thirty per cent. Meanwhile the capacity of oil-burning steamships and motor ships has risen from less than three million tons to twenty-four million tons, or from about one fifteenth to well toward one half of the world's total steam and motor tonnage. Furthermore, the use of electricity, though of course no small fraction of this is generated by steam made with coal fuel, has increased apace. At the present time, according to the employers' figures, there is a loss of between thirty and forty cents on every ton of British coal exported as cargo.

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Miners' earnings now average slightly over two dollars a day, but the men provide their own tools and pay for lamp oil and tool-sharpening, as well as checker's fees. The operators have proposed that, after deducting other costs than wages, — that is, royalties, maintenance, and other overhead, — the proceeds of the industry shall be distributed in the proportion of eighty-seven per cent to wages and thirteen per cent to profits. This would involve discontinuing the present uniform minimum wage and immediate reductions in miners' pay amounting to about fifty cents per shift, or approximately a twenty-per-cent cut in their present compensation.

Naturally the miners will hear nothing of this. They are generally admitted to be among the more poorly paid workers in Great Britain already, and their unfavorable condition is emphasized by the better situation of employees in many other industries, particularly in the 'sheltered trades' not subject to foreign competition. The idea of paying royalties under these conditions to the owners of coal lands, many of which belong to the great estates of the nobility, is especially unpopular. The miners' secretary, Mr. A. J. Cook, expressed this recently as follows: 'As long as a penny is going to those people for royalties, then we are not budging in our demand. The miners are to-day receiving a wage that is a disgrace to civilization. Everybody agrees it is not a living wage, and if it is not, then we have nothing at all that we can compromise on or give away.' This mood is fortified by the miners' belief that prices have practically nothing to do with the demand for coal, the root of the present trouble being the inability of the world to consume enough coal, whatever the price may be. In other words, they believe the demand for coal both at

home and abroad is inelastic and that it is possible to secure a price for it that will pay them a living wage.

The operators urge that the miners could produce more coal per capita. Statistics of output per man are a precarious basis for argument, because such output depends so largely on the depth of seams and other physical conditions in the mines, and upon the character of mining equipment. Output in the United States is larger than it is abroad. During the war, when new recruits were brought into the British industry, the average skill of miners declined. Roughly, there are about 150,000 more men employed in the British collieries now than before the war, but output has fallen. According to the figures of the British Secretary of Mines, the coal output per man-shift in Great Britain was slightly over twenty hundredweight in June 1914, and is only eighteen hundredweight at present. But this is far better than in France, where it was less than eleven hundredweight last year, and in Belgium, where it is only a little more than nine hundredweight.

Three issues of more than local importance are here involved. The first is the probable effect of a great British coal strike upon the whole question of government ownership of natural resources and the control of key industries. Commander Kenworthy, a gentleman of noble family who represents the Labor Party in Parliament, recently declared in a public address:—

It is a scandal that when British coal cannot be sold abroad at a profit enormous sums are paid to the royalty owners who happen, in some cases by accident, to own the surface of the ground above the coal mines. The Government should take powers to continue the present rates of wages pending a careful and thorough inquiry into the reasons for the present state of the trade, and to find adequate remedies. The whole

system of producing and burning coal in this country is unscientific, out of date, and should be modernized at once. This could probably only be done by some system of public intervention and control.

Even the *Spectator*, the Conservative journal of the country rectories, exclaims: 'We dislike controlling industries, but we would rather see the mines temporarily controlled than permit a great trade conflict at the present moment, or than yield to impossible demands on either side.'

The second issue is the possible effect of a coal strike in uniting all the great labor organizations of England in a joint campaign of direct action likely to result in the adoption of more radical tactics and more extreme labor demands than hitherto. Mr. Ben Tillett, a stormy petrel of the Laborists, but a man whose influence is not to be despised, declares:—

Not only is the Government of this country in peril of its existence should a universal strike take place (as is contemplated in an extremity), but the trade of the country itself would suffer in the most disastrous manner. There has never been such wholehearted unity as that established by the close alliances of the great transport unions and the still more important coöperation of the General Council representing the Trade Unions Congress. Further, the joint research department of the Trade Unions Congress and the Labor Party has discovered that royalties, wayleaves, middlemen's profits, and subordinate agents' commissions are exacting more toll from the industry in profits and commission than the real production and transport costs. Before either the coal trade or any other trades are put up as competitors with other countries there must be a wholesale clearing out of the parasites who are at the moment bleeding our competitive efficiency white.

The third issue is the possibility that a British coal strike will bring about, for the first time in the history of labor conflicts, effective joint action by the

great international unions. Mr. Cook, the miners' secretary, — whose predictions may be a little wild but probably have some substance, — recently declared:—

If the struggle takes place, it will be an international struggle. Nevermore will we have foreign coal coming in while we are fighting, but that means also that we must not send coal to another country that is fighting either. So we have built up an International. Faced with wage-reductions, miners in Belgium and France have decided to strike. They have not struck already because we said, 'Let us strike together.' We have been preparing. Last week we had an International committee in London. I am not going to tell you any more. We have another meeting on the twenty-eighth, and unless the mine-owners withdraw their proposals we will wire to America as well.

We already see a threatened strike in the United States precipitated by the same condition of overproduction and declining profits that exists abroad. Belgium is at the present writing confronted by a national stoppage in the metal industry and a deadlock in the coal industry. The miners in the Sarre have struck. While there is no actual dispute as yet in Germany, immense stocks of coal have accumulated at the pitheads for which there is no market, and unemployment with accompanying labor unrest is increasing. The effect of international action on the part of the workers would be twofold: it would prevent relieving a coal shortage in one country by imports from another country, such as occurred during our last coal strike; and it would not only tighten the bonds already forming among the trade-unionists of different countries, but — such is the psychology of these crises — it would probably tend to place the direction of the movement more largely in the hands of radical and doctrinaire socialist elements.

THE MOSCOW SENTENCE

POLITICAL trials have become so common abroad that they must be unusually sensational and dramatic today to arouse widespread interest. Not long ago several Communist conspirators were condemned to death at Leipzig without the incident attracting much attention outside of Germany. The alleged assassins of Matteotti in Italy and of Bela Somogyi, a Social Democrat editor, together with his companion, in Budapest are still unpunished. Those ultimately responsible for the murder of Erzberger and Rathenau in Germany have not been brought to book. The story of the trial and execution of three Communist leaders in Bulgaria is still fresh in the minds of our readers. Perhaps, therefore, an uneasy conscience, whispering that radicals pay the penalty for their crimes and the reactionaries go free, has something to do with the violent protests against the recent decision of a Moscow tribunal sentencing to death three German students, twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-four years old respectively, for an alleged conspiracy to assassinate several Soviet leaders. Possibly, too, these sentences are really political and retaliatory, inspired by the same conviction of injustice in the minds of the proletarian authorities of Russia.

Be this as it may, the Moscow trial will afford a future historian of these agitated years a human-interest episode to enliven his pages. Three Berlin University students, Karl Hermann Kindermann, Emil Theodor Wolscht, and Maxim Napoleon von Ditmar, were arrested in Moscow last October on the charge of high treason, espionage, and conspiring to assassinate Soviet officials. *Berliner Tageblatt*, which protests that 'the trial was not conducted in the interests of justice, but

in the interest of a criminal policy that demanded a death sentence to accomplish a definite political end,' thus summarizes the charge as brought by the Soviet Government:—

The *Organization Consul*—a German criminal reactionary secret society—is working hand in hand with the police authorities and the Foreign Office at Berlin. Since Hindenburg's election it controls the Government. Ehrhardt—the German Fascist leader still sought for political murder—goes freely back and forth from Berlin. The former Imperial Chancellor Michaelis is at the head of the Berlin local lodge. *Consul* is giving financial aid to German students and directing their agitation. It was responsible for the murder of Erzberger and Rathenau in Germany. It failed in an attempt to murder Scheidemann and Maximilian Harden. More recently this assassins' society has changed its geographical and political objects. There is nothing to be accomplished any longer in Germany by fighting Democrats and Socialists. But there is still work to be done in Russia. So on to the assassination of Communists. A series of terrorist attacks is planned. Everything is done at the order of the Berlin political police. First Stalin and Trotskii are to go. Zinoviev and Dzerzhinskii come later. So there are meetings of conspirators first in Friedrichstrasse, then in Borsigstrasse. Principal parties present Michaelis and Ehrhardt, Kindermann, and Wolscht. Ehrhardt, who now goes under the alias Ehrenberg, issues oral instructions at great length. Kindermann and Wolscht are to be the actual executioners; von Ditmar is to serve as interpreter. Baumann, another party to the conspiracy, is sent in advance as a skirmisher. If the bravos should be arrested they are to send this telegram to Berlin: 'How is Mr. Grünbaum?'

Kindermann figures in the drama as an emotional and somewhat visionary boy whose siezed correspondence appears to have been somewhat compromising, and who made a partial confession—which he repudiated subsequently—implicating himself in some such de-

signs as were attributed to him. Wolscht, the oldest and apparently by far the strongest character in the trio, sturdily asserted his innocence throughout, and accepted his sentence without emotion. But the most interesting character in the group was Maxim Napoleon von Ditmar, a Baltic nobleman, since the war a citizen of Esthonia, and a former Junker enthusiast who professed to have been converted to Bolshevism after his arrival in Russia. In any case, he turned State's evidence against his comrades and was the star witness for the prosecution. None the less, he was sentenced to death with his companions.

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CARTOON PROPAGANDA IN CHINA

CHINA's antiforeign agitators, having mastered publicity methods along with other elements of Occidental culture, are conducting a lively poster-campaign against the Western Powers and Japan. We print below three specimens of this new art of landscape decoration. Unfortunately they are not always perfectly intelligible to European eyes without some interpretation.

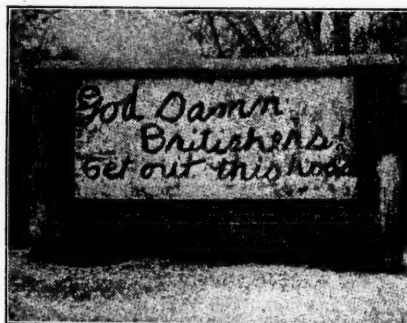
Number one, which was widely placarded in Peking, depicts John Bull with his foot planted on a Chinese baby

and Japan in the background leading another Chinese child like a dog on a leash. This presumably alludes to the employment of Chinese children in the English and Japanese cotton mills at Shanghai and elsewhere.

Number two is supposed to represent the brutal hand of a Sikh policeman strangling China.



Number three is the most lucid of all to an English reader. It is a picture of a legend, presumably painted by Chinese students on a 'spirit wall,' at the Agricultural College some seven miles from Peking. It is in letters about eighteen inches high, and faces a motor road.



MINOR NOTES

ON the first of June a new form of international government was set up in Tangier. France, Great Britain, and ultimately Spain, are parties to the new arrangement. Italy and the United States came into the negotiations but dropped out. The Sultan of Morocco remains nominal sovereign, with a legislative assembly representing natives and foreigners, and a French administrator, with British and Spanish assistant administrators. British, French, and Spanish judges will preside over the courts. Above the whole will run a Committee of Control, consisting of the foreign consuls of the principal Powers.

FRENCH automobile pioneers are rapidly adding to their laurels in Africa. Captain Delingette and his wife, whom our readers will recall as mem-

bers of the trans-Saharan party whose adventures were described in the *Living Age*, arrived at Cape Town on July 4. They continued their journey in the same car, after parting with their trans-Saharan companions at Niamey on November 27, through the flooded valleys of the northern Niger and the Lake Chad district, the Rouwenzori Mountains, Uganda and the Great Lake region, through Belgian Congo into British East Africa, and across the territories of the South African Union. The total distance traversed was 14,000 miles, or more than half the circumference of the globe. The trip was made in the same car, a six-wheeled, ten-horsepower (European measurement) Renault, and the engine was not overhauled during the journey. The only serious delays were due to waiting for supplies of oil and gasoline. The best roads encountered were in Belgian Congo.

THE MONOPOLIST



MUSSOLINI (Premier, Minister of War, Minister of the Navy, pro-tem Minister of Finance and Economics). 'Oh, Lord, if I could only be the Sovereign People!'

— Bagaria in *El Sol*, Madrid

THE FRANCO-SPANISH AGREEMENT



'We agree, then, to watch vigilantly that no arms and ammunition get into Morocco?'

'Yes, sir, I'll watch you.'

'And I'll watch you.'

— Bagaria in *El Sol*, Madrid

PERU AND THE PLEBISCITE¹

SOME PUZZLES FOR GENERAL PERSHING

THE Peruvian Note, covering the appointment of Señor Manuel de Freyre Santander as Peruvian Delegate to the Plebiscitary Commission, which was dispatched to Washington June 16, consists of something over two thousand words and constitutes at the same time a reply to the Note received from the Arbitrator under the date of April 9.

In the course of the Note, which is signed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Alberto Salomón, the difficulty of securing a fair and true plebiscitary vote, in territory controlled and policed by one of the contending parties, is strongly emphasized; and, while accepting the rulings of the Arbitrator, Peru in diplomatic phraseology points out that its views on the subject of essential guaranties have in no wise changed, and looks either to the Plebiscitary Commission or to the Arbitrator himself for full support of the principal contentions comprised in the Note of March 31 last. Referring to the recent exchange of Notes following on the Award the reply says: 'The Government of Peru considers that the petitions which it has presented do not involve an amendment of the Award, or even the broadening of its terms, but simply serve to set forth its scope clearly and precisely.'

Continuing, the Note states that the Government further holds 'that in a decision pronounced in an arbitral suit touching so serious a matter — involving as it does integrity of territory and the sentiment of nationality — one of

the parties thereto is not to be debarred from freely and fully exercising every legitimate action in order to defend its rights. Therefore the Government of Peru does not concur with the Arbitrator when he asserts that the fundamental petitions in the appeal are beyond the powers of the Arbitrator, inasmuch as the arbitral undertaking precisely provides that in the event of a plebiscite being declared in order the Arbitrator is authorized to determine the conditions thereof. The principal among such conditions is that the absolute freedom and protection of the voters be assured. While the Arbitrator considers that the Plebiscitary Commission is sufficient to guarantee a true ballot, there can be no question but that the presence of the authorities and troops of the occupant State would hamper said guaranty with harassing difficulties and limitations.'

If this is the case, as Peru believes it will be, 'the Government is confident that the authorities and troops of the occupying State would be replaced by those of some neutral administration.'

On the subject of this guaranty of impartial supervision, the Note states: 'The aim of Peru's petition is to establish in the territory subject to the plebiscite a situation of at least relative equity, inasmuch as absolute justice would be an impossibility after the acts of intimidation and terrorism committed against Peruvians.' The Note further expresses the hope that the Arbitrator will 'find it in accord with his sense of justice to impose such conditions for the plebiscite as would

¹ From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language daily), June 10

compensate Peru for the evident injustices sustained by her during the unlawful occupation of her territories.' The Note repeatedly emphasizes the accepted practice in this regard in modern plebiscites.

On the subject of expulsion of Peruvians and the policy of 'Chilenization' in Tacna-Arica, the Note refers to 'the aggravating circumstances that Chile has been able to introduce into the provinces as large a population as she saw fit, while on the other hand expelling Peruvians. The Peruvian nation feels that its insistence on this point is now more than ever justified by the fact that, since the rendering of the Award, Chile has deliberately and systematically violated the status created by the Award by sequestering several hundred natives and other Peruvians resident in the provinces under occupation and by sending them south in order to deprive them of the power to vote.' Questioning the accuracy and credibility of the Chilean explanation of this as a labor movement from Tacna-Arica to the nitrate fields, the Peruvian Note suggests 'that it would be within the province of the Arbitrator to reestablish the balance thus disturbed.'

In conclusion the Note says: 'The Government of Peru, with all due respect for the arbitral decision which has been rendered, finds no reason to change the opinions already expressed, and will maintain in its integrity its claim concerning provision of those guaranties which are absolutely indispensable for the holding of a true plebiscite, the execution and results of which will be acceptable to the world at large. . . . What Peru has sustained and sustains is that the entire plebiscitary process must rest on the strictest principles of international justice, and it would be a painful contrast for the juridic and moral conscience of the peoples of this continent that, whereas

in Europe, just emerged from a devastating war which left in its wake a host of violent passions, the peoples involved in the struggle at once reacted and rectified their frontiers, decreeing plebiscites based upon these precepts, here in free America, without the pressure and passions of a recent war, a plebiscite is decreed which differs very little from those, now obsolete, which were imposed under the régime of bayonets to disguise the annexations and conquests of the Napoleonic Wars.'

The Peruvian Note then recites excerpts from the Washington Note of April 9, emphasizing the broad scope and powers delegated to the Plebiscitary Commission, and 'interprets these declarations regarding the request for guaranties in the sense that the Arbitrator refers it to the Plebiscitary Commission as the body which is empowered to grant them and will so grant them if required. . . . With due consideration of the foregoing appreciation of the matter herein dealt with the Government of Peru appoints Manuel de Freyre Santander delegate to the Plebiscitary Commission, and is confident that this decision, arrived at after mature consideration, will be justified by the rigorous impartiality of the proceedings of the Commission.'

Manuel de Freyre Santander, the son of Colonel de Freyre, was born in Washington, D. C., in 1880. He received his education in the United States, and much of his life has been spent there in the public service. Señor Santander is at the present time Peruvian Minister to the Argentine Republic.

Following the dispatch of the Peruvian Note to Washington on June 16, appointing the Peruvian Delegate to the Tacna-Arica Plebiscitary Commission, it was learned that Dr. Alberto Salomón, for the past five years Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs, would

retire from that office and resume his private law-practice in Lima. He will, however, retain his seat in the Senate. Dr. Salomón's resignation was first offered the President following the announcement of the Tacna-Arica Award, but the latter was unwilling to release him, owing to difficult circumstances created by the nature of that Award. For the past three or four months the Minister has been working steadily to form public opinion in the sense of accepting the Award and concurring in the plebiscite. He has labored strenuously in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies to attain this end, appearing before the Chambers in one case for eight days in succession at sessions lasting until the small hours of the morning. At the same time the Minister assumed directly the task of tranquillizing the natives of Tacna-Arica expelled from the provinces and now resident in Lima and Callao, who at the beginning carried on a bitter and determined campaign against the acceptance of the Award.

Dr. Salomón organized an executive committee for the registration of the natives of Tacna-Arica in Lima and throughout the Republic, while sending commissions to Bolivia and elsewhere abroad to make the necessary registration of natives expelled by the Chileans. It may be said that the Government now has an accurate record of the number of exiled residents of Tacna-Arica who must be transported to the latter port to participate in the plebiscite. Provisions are being made to attend to this transportation and to take care of the families of the voters during their absence. In addition to the registration and physical transportation of the voters, it has been necessary to direct a vast amount of work relative to the assembly of official documents and archives bearing upon the eligibility of the plebiscitary voters. Dr. Salomón

presented a comprehensive report of the results of his work at the secret sessions of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies which took place last week, and though the Minister received unanimous votes of confidence from both Chambers it is understood that he feels it his duty to leave the Ministry, allowing the President the liberty of appointing a new Chancellor to direct the final and concluding phases of the plebiscitary programme. In addition, the friends of the retiring Minister consider that, in view of the fact that for five strenuous years he has been at the head of the Ministry, a rest is imperative.

One of the strangest pilgrimages in the history of the New World will take place within the course of the next several months when, consequent upon the action of the Peruvian Government in appointing their delegate to participate in the Tacna-Arica plebiscite, several shiploads of exiled Peruvians from the so-called 'lost provinces' will be transported down the West Coast to the barren roadstead of Arica to cast their votes. The exact number of these several thousand nationals and the details of their transport and maintenance have already been determined to a certain extent by the Peruvian Government. Gathered from a thousand varied ranks of activity in Lima and Callao, from the distant mountain and coastal provinces of the Republic, from Bolivia, from the Argentine, from the United States, and even from remote European countries, these exiled nationals of the captive provinces — bakers, shoemakers, stevedores, clerks, priests, journalists, bankers, diplomats — will make the long journey in yellow-funneled steamers of the Peruvian National Steamship Company to cast their votes in a plebiscite the results of which are bound to loom large in the history of Latin America.

The transport of thousands of voters, the sustenance and the maintenance of them and their families during the period of their pilgrimage, the mobilization of transports, the sifting of many thousands of documents in widely scattered archives which must be brought before the Plebiscitary Commission to prove the eligibility of the voters, represent a very considerable cost to the Peruvian Government.

Just how the thousands of voters from the Peruvian transports will be handled at Arica has yet to be determined. Tents and barracks on the shore will accommodate part of the

throng, while the rest must be taken care of aboard the transports themselves. The feeding of this mobilization of voters alone represents a considerable problem, as supplies must be transported for hundreds of miles. A deadlock or delay in the transactions of the Plebiscitary Commission over the eligibility or the noneligibility of certain voters will be of more than academic interest, for in the meantime several thousands of voters will have to be fed many miles from a base of supplies. Altogether, to Peru the Tacna-Arica plebiscite represents the cost and organization of a small war.

HOW THE SHANGHAI TROUBLE STARTED¹

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

[SINCE this article was written the troubles in China have spread to all parts of the country and, for a time at least, threatened to become a general anti-foreign uprising.]

ON Saturday, May 30, a small body of students met to mourn the loss of a laborer who had been killed in the Japanese cotton-mill strike. Speeches were delivered denouncing Japan and imperialism generally. Banners were carried. In the course of the meeting, feeling ran high and the students became hysterical. The students decided to march to the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs' office on Avenue Joffre in French Town. As they marched, their ranks swelled. By the time they reached Nanking Road they were a mob. Somehow they were diverted

from their original course and intention and they marched down Nanking Road in the International Settlement, the principal thoroughfare of Shanghai.

They had been informed that some arrested students were in the Louza Police station on Nanking Road. It is estimated that the students were between eighty and one hundred in number. The mob grew beyond fifteen hundred, having been increased by laborers and that peculiar Shanghai character, the loafer, who is not a gangster, but rather a ne'er-do-well. This mob came toward the police station shouting, 'Kill the foreigner!' 'Down with the Japanese!' and similar cries. The police tried to stop the progress of the marchers, but were of an insufficient force for the emergency. Interpreters shouted to the crowd to desist and to move on and warned them that the police would take drastic action if they

¹ From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), June 15

did not. Three foreign police-officers were thrown down and trampled on by the crowd. An effort was made to disarm some of the Chinese police. Finally, when the mob moved into the police compound, the order was given to fire, whereupon four persons, students and bystanders, were killed. This was on Saturday.

Sunday morning a huge crowd gathered on Nanking Road to mark their indignation. The Chinese press, which was interested in any antifeign demonstration at the moment with a view to defeating a Press By-law amendment, which was to come before the Ratepayers' Meeting on the following Tuesday, fanned the flames by publishing an account of the incident quite different from the official version, and editorial comments containing an interpretation of the affair, which made the foreigners appear to be bloodthirsty devils and the rioters patriotic heroes.

Among Chinese the shedding of human blood is more terrible than among other people. The Chinese officials themselves do not do it unless in war or in the punishment of crimes. Demonstrators are generally permitted to make their little noises and to pass on. The argument then that the police ought not to have fired on an unarmed mob, no matter what the mob did, had a powerful effect on Chinese opinion. Sunday the town was normal, but in a sombre state.

The students called a meeting at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, where they denounced the foreigner, attacked Imperialism, and coupled the British with the Japanese as enemies of their country. They demanded that the police be punished, that the families of the killed and wounded be indemnified, and that the battleships leave the Whangpoo River. They also demanded that the Ratepayers vote down the Wharfage, Press,

and Licensing Stock Exchange Amendments. It is quite clear that the first demands were theirs; that the second had been suggested by interested parties. In the course of a meeting, Mr. Fang Chu-pa, the Vice-Chairman of the Shanghai Chinese Chamber of Commerce, was sent for and was intimidated into agreeing to have their resolutions approved by the Chamber of Commerce. He did so under compulsion. A general strike was ordered of all Chinese in the International Settlement, including even the personal servants of the foreigners.

Monday morning found the general mass of both Chinese and foreigners optimistic that the thing would quiet down. No one wanted trouble, particularly not the Chinese merchants, who have everything to lose. It is estimated that Nanking Road alone will lose \$1,000,000 a day as long as the strike lasts. But no more had the day broken than another attempt was made on the Louza Police, and the fire hose had to be called into action. A crowd gathered opposite Louza and, tearing up cobblestones, began to throw them at the police. The hose was brought into play, but the firemen were knocked down by the rioters, who risked the bath and threw their stones. Finally the police were forced to shoot again to clear the streets.

The Volunteers were immediately placed in strategic positions; Nanking Road was closed to traffic and became an armed camp. The equipment of the Volunteer Corps is mobile and suitable for riot-fighting. The Corps itself is remarkably efficient for a nonprofessional military organization. It consists of all branches of service.

Monday afternoon the Chinese Bankers' Association and the Native Bankers' Guild met and determined to lend their moral support to the students. It was later reported that this

move was due to intimidation, but this is probably incorrect. It was rather due to the Chinese psychological reaction to bloodshed. The Gold Bar Exchange closed down, but this was probably most fortunate, as gold had taken a downward move and several bankruptcies were avoided by the moratorium which accompanied the closure. Japanese were assaulted in various parts of the city.

On Tuesday the day opened quietly and it looked as though the backbone of the strike had been broken. Agitation continued throughout the city, but untoward accidents were few. No effects of the general strike movement were visible. The telephones, trams, buses, waterworks, docks, and so forth, were all normal. In the afternoon, however, an incident occurred which renewed the vigor and anger on both sides.

Members of the American troops were patrolling the upper part of Nanking Road where it meets Bubbling Well Road. There is an expansive plaza on two corners of which are large buildings known as the 'New World.' These are amusement places which contain varied entertainments and in which hundreds gather daily, usually of the loafer element, male and female. While the troops were passing, shots were fired by snipers from the New World roof and second story. Shots were also fired by snipers standing behind rickshas on the street. In the course of this shooting, Dr. McMartin, an American dentist in Shanghai, received a flesh wound in the back and three ponies were killed. The shooting was not done by students. It was the work of loafers or perhaps disbanded troops, of whom there are thousands in the city. Immediately the Volunteers came on the scene and, using their machine-guns, shot several hundred rounds of ammunition into the New World. Several were killed and

six hundred prisoners were taken, most of whom were almost immediately released. The feeling throughout the city became tense, and both sides settled down for a long conflict.

At the moment of writing, the strike is on in full force. Already the telephone operators, dock workers, builders, some of the electricity department workers and printers, have stopped. Nothing can more clearly indicate the unwillingness of the workers to strike than the slowness with which they lay down their tools. But it is unwise to resist at the height of mob violence, and the throwing of the epithet 'Tortoise!' at the nonstrikers has a curious effect on Chinese. 'Tortoise' questions the legitimacy of the persons so called and is, in effect, the strongest epithet in the language. Pictures of the tortoise are chalked on the walls of those resisting mob rule.

The foreigners have mobilized their full strength, and the defenses of the city are well organized. The telephones have been manned by ladies of the British Women's Association. The American ladies are interesting themselves in food supply. A food controller has been appointed. A squad of engineers is prepared to handle the electricity plant should the laborers strike. Foreign men-of-war are steadily arriving.

It is difficult to probe the causes of the movement to its originators. The present writer believes that Saturday's incident was accidental, but that interested parties took advantage of the situation for the accomplishment of their own political ends. Although some of these aims are antithetical, they are nevertheless effective agencies for the fomenting of unrest:—

1. The passage of By-laws to the Land Regulations of Shanghai. Three of the four By-laws were objectionable to elements of the Chinese. (a) Wharf-

age dues antagonized the merchants and bankers, but did not really affect public opinion except to the extent that ultranationalistic Chinese regarded them as an impairment of China's sovereignty. (b) Press Law. This involved the whole question of freedom of speech. Although the Press Law of the Republic of China is as drastic as that proposed by the Council, Chinese for years have been bitterly antagonistic to this particular measure. The possibility of its passage antagonized all Chinese interested in the printed word. (c) Licensing stock exchanges — really unimportant from every standpoint, but included under the question of sovereignty.

All these amendments have arisen before and have not been passed because for several years there have been no quorums at Ratepayers' meetings. The meeting in May of this year was quorumless. Shanghai ladies, however, who were interested in the passage of a Child Labor By-law, agitated for a special meeting to deal with the law they wanted passed. These ladies were warned to drop their agitation, as nobody really wanted their law to pass. They were warned that the Chinese assumed that this special meeting would be utilized to pass the other undesirable laws. But nothing availed against the sentimentality of the women and the unwillingness of the employers to appear hardhearted. As soon as the Chinese were convinced that the meeting would surely be held, they attacked all the agencies of government. In this attack the Chinese press led.

2. On the Saturday of the strike the *North China Daily News* published an article by the present writer on 'Politics and Personalities,' in which attention was called to the probability of a popular uprising due to popular opposition to Chang Tso-lin's activities in China.

Attention was further called to Feng Yu-hsiang's nation-wide and intensive activities against the Government in Peking and the foreigners. It was suggested that certain changes would take place in Peking and that those changes would lead to trouble between Chang Tso-lin and Feng Yu-hsiang.

The suggestions were verified with amazing rapidity. By Saturday, Li Shih-ao, the Minister of Finance, was practically out and Mr. Liang Shih-yi, who is a Chang Tso-lin man, was on the job. The programme is for Liang Shih-yi eventually to become Premier and Tsao Ju-lin to be Minister of Finance, with Yeh Kung-cho as Minister of Communications. This is a Manchurian Cabinet.

It stands to reason that all groups opposed to Fengtien, particularly the partisans of Feng Yu-hsiang and the Kuomintang, would create disturbances throughout the country on an issue like this. They would naturally try to embarrass the Japanese, who, they believe, are supporting Chang Tso-lin. They would attempt to create an international situation in China so that the de facto Government in Peking would have to fall. It is not suggested here that the Shanghai strikers had this in mind when they made their demonstration, but, the thing once having started, all hands stuck their fingers in the pie.

3. The anti-Japanese character of the demonstration comes at a time when Japan is not particularly unpopular in China. For many months there has been a strong propaganda against Japan, which has been exceedingly artificial because it was fomented from without. The Chinese are not anti-Japanese, but the troubles in the cotton mills led to much bad blood. Again, it must be stated that these troubles were the work, not of Bolsheviks, but of Chinese, but when the thing was ripe

everyone took to picking the fruit. The Russians were naturally interested in building an anti-Japanese sentiment in China in view of their own imperialistic designs on North Manchuria. They sought to create a smoke-screen to hide their revivification of the spheres of influence in China. Here in Shanghai few Chinese have heard of Russia's protest against China's building of the Tsonan-Tsitsihar Railway and the approaching crisis between Russia and Chang Tso-lin in Manchuria. The smoke-screen has been effective. Had Japan, Great Britain, and America acted as Comrade Karakhan has acted, it would have led to disturbances. The Chinese students and other articulate groups have, however, been so blinded by the language of Mr. Karakhan's entourage, and by the Utopia promised by Soviet Russia,

that they made the fatal mistake of tacitly supporting Russian imperialism in China. In the present trouble in Shanghai, the Russians have had a share. They work in devious channels. The officials designated to China are gentlemen who apparently do nothing in Russia, but there are many undesigned persons who work independently of local officials and who do the mischief. One of these has already been placed under arrest in Shanghai.

The prospects of settlement are remote. The Council cannot agree to less than a calling-off of the strike. The strikers want those who fired the shots punished. With both sides bitter, there can be no solution until the strike peters out. Meanwhile foreign battleships are arriving, and landing parties are being put ashore.

A REMINISCENCE¹

BY P. B. GHEUSI

[A DISPATCH from Rome announces that Rosine Storchio, one of the greatest lyric artists in the world and the unrivaled interpreter of Puccini's works, after singing for the last time at the Church of Assisi, has entered a Franciscan convent.]

Eight years ago La Storchio had planned to give her last presentation of Madame Butterfly at Paris on the stage of the Opéra Comique, with a pomp and ceremony to which the events of the war added touching solemnity.]

It was February 7, 1917. Rumors

¹ From *Le Figaro Hebdomadaire* (Paris Radical newspaper, weekly edition), June 24

were current that the United States was about to join in the Old World's bloody conflict, but American diplomats were silent on the subject and Germany had redoubled her propaganda across the Atlantic.

'Have confidence,' Dr. Borsch kept saying. 'My fellow countrymen have decided to join you.'

And it was he who brought us Mr. Sharp, the new Ambassador of the United States, to honor with his colleague from Italy the troupe from La Scala in Milan, and Rosine Storchio, who was supported by Zinetti, Garvin, Paltrinieri, and Giraldoni.

When Mr. William Sharp appeared in the stage box draped with the Al-

lied colors, accompanied by the Prime Minister, M. Viviani, and the Members of the Cabinet, the whole audience rose to its feet and gave the American diplomat an ovation marked by indescribable enthusiasm.

'How's this?' he asked with surprise and emotion. 'I have scarcely arrived here and they know me already?'

'They have identified you by your sympathetic manner.'

'*Vive l'Amérique!*' cheered two hundred voices led by the singers on the stage, directed by Marinuzzi.

Rosine Storchio, dressed for her part in a Japanese costume, vibrant with Latin enthusiasm and exaltation, her great, dilated black eyes shining with patriotic joy, stretched her arms toward the Ambassador's box. Madame Sharp and her son did not venture a word in fear of betraying their secret, but they looked appealingly at the Ambassador as if begging him to speak.

'I can't do it — yet,' his strong-willed visage seemed to say.

But the orchestra at a signal previously arranged struck up the Star-Spangled Banner. When everybody was seated again La Storchio fairly surpassed herself, before an audience

that imagined it caught some striking allusion in every scene. The enthusiasm, expressed in continuous thunders of applause, swept everybody present off their feet, and penetrated even the professional reserve of the diplomat.

La Storchio was alternately appealing, imperious, confiding, and tender. Her incomparable voice, her powerful acting that drew tears of sympathy from the most callous of the auditors, her musical genius, the vital art of her unrivaled singing, melted even the resistance of the stern public servant who must still keep his secret a few days longer.

When Rosine Storchio, exhausted and breathless, but magnificent, offered him, in the office of the manager where a few official guests had been invited to assemble, the glass of champagne in which he replied to the toast of his hosts, Mr. William Sharp, conquered, radiant with friendly intimacy, dropped these words pregnant with their message of tremendous import: 'If I could tell you what I know, your heart, like mine, would burst with joy.'

Thereupon La Storchio, overcome by emotion, comprehending that these words had all the gravity of an historical utterance, uttered one cry of joy and burst into tears.

DIGGING UP THE PRIMITIVE¹

BY A. LESLIE ARMSTRONG

ARCHEOLOGY is always a fascinating study, but of its many phases none, I think, can be more absorbing than that of prehistory and the endeavor to discover, piece together, and interpret the hidden things relative to man's early history, and to construct therefrom an ordered connected story of his life in the long-forgotten past. When the purpose is to disentangle the threads indicating his presence here in Britain, the quest becomes doubly interesting.

Such is the object of the joint Committee of the British Association and Royal Anthropological Institute in undertaking systematic researches amid the caves and rock shelters of Derbyshire, and their efforts have already been rewarded by important discoveries, particularly in the Creswell Gorge, on the borders of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire.

Situated in the midst of a small area believed to have been left untouched by the ice which in the later glaciations seems to have skirted its borders east, west, and south, and with the country northward submerged beneath glaciers and glacial lakes, the sheltered ravine of Creswell would provide an ideal retreat alike for man and beast during the slow oncoming and recession of the encircling ice-fields. Though scarcely a quarter of a mile in length, the narrow gorge with its lofty overhanging cliffs of Permian limestone, the five caves and countless fissures and tunnels, afforded to man and carnivorous ani-

mals shelter and safe asylum through an immensely long period of time and many fluctuations of climate. That they had actually been so occupied, and that the nomadic hunters of the Old Stone Age had disputed possession of the caves with the hyena, lion, and cave bear, was abundantly proved fifty years ago by the excavations of Sir William Boyd Dawkins and his colleague, the late Reverend J. M. Mello. They traced three distinct periods of occupation, and attributed them to Acheulean, Mousterian, and Magdalenian times.

It is unfortunate that the story of Creswell cannot be told without using these and similar ponderous terms, of which prehistoric archæology, in defining its stages and subdivisions, uses more than its share.

To the uninitiated many of these are meaningless. In reality they constitute milestones down the long, long trail of time denoting successive phases in man's early history, and mark out the track of racial movements which probably affected the history and progress of Britain and Europe as profoundly as did the incursions of Roman or Goth in historic times. Briefly, the stages and definitions are as follows:—

The extremely long Palæolithic, or Old Stone Age, period is divided into a Lower and an Upper division. The Lower Palæolithic is again subdivided into three stages, (1) Pre-Chellean, (2) Chellean, and (3) Acheulean, named respectively after Chelles, near Paris, and St. Acheul, near Amiens, the French sites at which the

¹From *Discovery* (London scientific monthly), July

type implements were found. Intensive digging by French archæologists has enabled them to split the Upper Palæolithic into stages characterized by the pattern and workmanship of the tools used. Each stage or 'milestone' was given the name of the cave, or site, where the typical examples were first recognized, and are six in number, namely: (1) Mousterian, the lowest and most primitive, followed by (2) Aurignacian, (3) Solutrean, (4) Magdalenian, (5) Azilian, (6) Tardenoisian. Stages 1 to 4 are the true cave periods, 5 and 6 the periods during which a transition to Neolithic becomes apparent. The typical stations which have given their names to these stages are the rock shelter of Le Moustier, the cave of Aurignac, the rock shelters of Solutre and La Madeleine, the cave of Mas d'Azil, and the area around Tardenois, in France.

It is now recognized that the appearance in a deposit of a new fashion in tools and technique is attributable to the intrusion of outside influence, either by invasion or through the mingling of peoples or tribes possessed of a different culture, and that the degree of dominance attained by the new culture usually defines the means of its introduction.

Thus in early postglacial times Cro-Magnon man, with his Aurignacian culture (Stage 2), appears to have driven out or destroyed the remnants of Neanderthal Man and the Mousterian culture (Stage 1), and to have become dominant for a long period over most of Southern Europe and also in England as far north as Creswell. This extensive primitive civilization was later disturbed here and there by the penetrations of a migrating people, the Solutreans of Stage 3, who were probably of different race, certainly possessed of a different culture and more skillful in the working of flint. They appear to

have entered Europe from the East, and ripples of their influence were felt in various parts of England, including Creswell. Stage 4, Magdalenian, marks a similar incursion which profoundly affected Central France and was more widespread and continuous than the Solutrean. Whether or not this extended to Britain has of late been disputed, and constitutes one of the culture problems which the present excavations at Creswell may materially help to elucidate. Recent work in the Pinhole Cave has brought to light an important implement in mammoth ivory, engraved with a conventional pattern on one side, which is of classic Magdalenian design and workmanship and is conclusive evidence of Magdalenian influence; but that Magdalenian people lived there has yet to be established.

Stages 5 and 6, the Azilian and Tardenoisian, are cultures which appear to have originated in North Africa. In France the two stages are distinct; here in Britain both influences appear to have reached us about the same time, and are so intermixed that they are spoken of as Azilio-Tardenoisian. Their range of influence extends as far north as Oban and Dundee, and the culture is represented at Creswell by the contents of the top-most layers of cave earth at the Mother Grundy's Parlor rock shelter, recently explored. The work done fifty years ago seemed to indicate the presence of Lower Palæolithic Acheulean man, also of Stages 1, 3, and 4 of the cave period. Stage 2, Aurignacian, had not then been differentiated; consequently much of the evidence taken to denote Stage 4 is now known to indicate really Stage 2.

It was with a view to defining more exactly the series and sequence of cultures represented in this the most northerly station of Palæolithic man

in England, and, if possible, discovering skeletal remains which would denote the race of the cave-dwellers, that work was undertaken at Creswell in 1923.

In research of this nature the beau ideal is to discover a site which in successive generations had been used as a camping-ground or home and where the resulting deposits remain *in situ*. Of these, caves and patches of level ground protected by overhanging rocks, termed rock shelters, and by preference facing south, invariably prove the most prolific. The Creswell ravine runs east and west, and the sunny side is plentifully supplied with caves and rock shelters, but, unfortunately, unskilled excavators have left few inviolate, and a deposit once turned over becomes valueless for scientific purposes. Disturbance is not always due to man; frequently rabbits and badgers are responsible, and the writer has known such to introduce into a Palæolithic stratum a sardine tin, broken beer-bottles, and similar exciting relics. At times they are more friendly, however, and their activities lead to the discovery of occupation areas or hidden caves, as in the case of Victoria Cave, Settle, which was revealed by the presence of rabbit burrows at the base of the cliff.

The first season's work at Creswell was not very encouraging, but the persistent digging of trial holes in situations which, to-day, offer shelter from the cold winds, and are such as one would personally select for an encampment were the ravine infested by beasts of prey, finally resulted in the discovery of three living-sites, sections of which revealed definite layers of stratification denoted by bands of black carbonaceous earth and the presence of charcoal and flakes of flint. Two of these rock shelters still await excavation, and as in one instance the trial hole showed five superimposed layers, each sepa-

rated by a stratum of light-colored sandy earth representing intervals in the occupation, when it is excavated interesting finds are anticipated.

All the caves of the ravine were believed to have been entirely dug out, but a careful examination of the Pin-hole Cave, the first of the Creswell series in which any digging was done, and where Mello's original discoveries were made in 1874, has unexpectedly proved that the deposits in this extensive cave remain practically intact, only the front portion having been dug by Mello. Work is steadily progressing there, and has already yielded valuable results. Excavations are in progress upon the rock-shelter site partially explored last season. This is situated in the forefront of Mother Grundy's Parlor, a cave explored many years ago, but fortunately the excavators did not deem the platform in front of the cave worth examining! It has proved one of the richest and most interesting sites in England, an area ten feet square having yielded over 1500 pieces of flint, many of which are exquisitely finished implements, also tools of reindeer antler, and three fragments of engraved bone. Successive generations of cave folk had used it as a periodic encampment so long that the floor had been raised three feet by the débris of countless fires and feasts and the slow destruction, by rain and frost, of the overhanging rock which sheltered it.

In exploring such a site the first objective is to ascertain the depth and stratification of the deposit. A trench about four feet long is carefully dug until the bed rock of the cave is reached, or a stratum unmistakably sterile of human and animal relics.

Every particle of earth removed is passed through a small-mesh riddle and all stones are carefully examined for drawings, grooves, or artificial hollows. Vertical sides to the trial trench are

essential, and if these are dressed the layers of stratification are, as a rule, readily detected. A drawing of the section is next made and the position and thickness of the layers recorded for future reference. A definition of the superficial extent of the site is desirable, and a plan upon which the progress of the work and position of the finds can be recorded is an absolute necessity.

It is very desirable that the actual work of excavation should, wherever possible, be done by a trained observer, — not by workmen, — and to attain the most reliable results and most valuable records, the same individuals should carry out the work from start to finish. The method of examination varies according to circumstances and the nature of the section. At Mother Grundy's Parlor it consists of a closely compacted mass of cave earth and stones, and the work is being done in a series of vertical slices about three feet long and one foot broad and the full depth of the deposit. The slices are examined in horizontal layers as nearly as possible six inches in thickness. All the earth is sieved, and the flints and other objects as they are recovered are marked in pencil with their respective depth and position, and descriptive notes made in the field notebook. Each class of relic is placed in a separate tin or bag for removal. Afterward they are washed and permanently marked.

A comparison of the stone implements found at the base of the section with implements found in the Pinhole Cave recently shows that the earliest occupants of this rock shelter were Mousterian men (Stage 1), who manufactured rude tools from quartzite pebbles and were companions of the cave lion, mammoth, and rhinoceros, as testified by the bones recovered. Probably they lived here during the oncoming of the Wurmian glaciation

and the rigors of this final glacial epoch drove them out. When, after a lapse of thousands of years, the site was again occupied it was by Aurignacian man (Stage 2), a cunning hunter, much more advanced in culture, a skillful flint-worker, and an artist who executed drawings on bone and ivory, and manufactured beautiful tools in reindeer antler and bone.

Glaciers still dominated the country to the north, winters were severe, and summers hot. The reindeer, mammoth, and woolly rhinoceros were common in the district and fell a prey to the great cave-hyenas and wolves as well as to man. At the base of the deposit a fireplace was found formed in a hollow scooped in the basement bed and surrounded by stones on edge, which was the work of these early hunters. The presence around it of bear and hyena teeth, mammoth ivory, and split and charred bones of horse, reindeer, and bison, clearly show what their companions were and what animals they hunted. Horse and bison were their staple diet, and in the ashes of the fire marrowbones were roasted and afterward split by stone pounders. Probably the flesh was cooked by grilling, much as primitive people cook it today, and by the use of heated stones, of which innumerable broken fragments lay around the hearth, shattered by heating and reheating. No pottery was found; most likely they were unaware of its use; it is extremely rare on a Palæolithic site; but an implement used for piercing the eye of bone needles indicates that these people were familiar with the art of sewing. That they had considerable artistic ability and were skillful workers in bone and ivory, the engraved bones and the bone tools testify.

The whole thickness of this interesting deposit told a similar story. Fires had been lighted on the same spot

through the ages. The gradual disappearance of reindeer remains and the predominance of those of horse and bison tell of a change in climatic conditions from subarctic to temperate. Near the top of the deposit the bison disappears and a more familiar fauna is present, including boar and red deer.

The flint implements gradually, almost imperceptibly, change from Aurignacian forms at the base to typical Azilio-Tardenoisian forms in the upper layer, including examples of the fascinating little pygmy burins, five of which will lie together upon a six-

pence, the use of which is difficult to conceive. Though the lowest level is, in view of evidence derived from the Pinhole Cave, contemporary in time with the Magdalenian culture of France, there is no trace of intrusive Magdalenian elements in this Mother Grundy's Parlor culture, but a gradual development from Aurignacian to Azilio-Tardenoisian, and it appears probable that as further research is carried out in other parts of the country this may prove typical of the development of Upper Palæolithic culture in England as a whole.

THE SCAPEGOAT

BY SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

[*The Espalier*]

SEE the scapegoat, happy beast,
From every personal sin released,
And in the desert, hidden apart,
Dancing with a careless heart.

'Lightly weigh the sins of others.'
See him skip! 'Am I my brother's
Keeper? Oh, never, no, no, no!
Lightly come and lightly go!'

In the town, from sin made free,
Righteous men hold jubilee.
In one desert all alone
The scapegoat dances on and on.

BAREFOOTED-ZANZIBAR¹

BY OTTO VON GOTTBERG

THE green, flat island sparkles like an emerald on the brilliant sapphire surface of the sea. At first reefs and islets conceal the harbor of East Africa's metropolis. Then all at once a part-colored Oriental vision unrolls before the eyes. Tall, gloomy Arab houses, cheerful, luminous temples with domes and minarets, formal cypresses and dark, glistening rubber-trees, border the water. The monsoon plays through the crowns of the tall-trunked coconut palms so that they nod in the golden sunlight like green plumes on knightly helmets.

Skiffs hasten out to the steamer. Naked Swahilis, Negro in type but descended from the races of three continents, row the traveler to land. When the white beach-sand begins to shimmer through the green water, they drop their oars and, lifting their fares on their stalwart shoulders, wade on shore with them.

Here the new arrival is mobbed by clamorous black men, yellow men, and white men, wearing turbans or Turkish fezzes and flowing, fluttering garments of every color, who try to force upon him their wares or services. From the hot beach he walks through a cramped, narrow, darkish, and almost cool street, between high gray house-fronts into a labyrinth of crooked alleys. Rarely are they wide enough to admit a vehicle. Men and asses are the burden-carriers. Every other house-door is a marvel of ancient wood-carving. Characters out of picture books file past in unending

procession. A twelve-year-old, barefooted Arab boy passes your humbly bowing porter with the dignity and pose of a desert sheik. A silver-embossed belt gathers his long white garment about his slender, boyish waist; and a short curved dagger hangs by his side, cased in a palm-wide sheath of hammered silver. The lad's grandfather probably paid fifteen slaves for it at a time when black ivory was still worth \$50 or more a head.

No rattling wheels or echoing footsteps break the silence. The smooth flags of the pavement, polished and rounded by the bare feet of unnumbered generations, are still trodden by an unshod throng. One notes immediately the graceful carriage of these people. An aged, snowy-bearded Arab glances benevolently down in passing upon a group of brightly clad Parsi children at their play. The women wear black robes, usually of silk. A shawl or veil of the same material falls from the heads to the waists of the Indian and Arab women, and is held tight over the chin and mouth to protect the face from the gaze of strangers. But Swahili women have no objection to being seen, whether they are young and graceful or are fat and old, and shine in the sun like polished mahogany. For the most part, they even dispense with a headcloth, lest they muss their hair. The latter is divided in four long parts from the brow to the back of the head. A comb, an arrow, or a bright bit of ribbon hangs over one ear. This melting-pot of races contains 170,000 Swahilis, 20,000 Arabs,

¹ From the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Stinnes-Estate daily), June 7

about the same number of Indians, and only 275 Europeans, except when tourists from a passing steamer are ashore.

On the three steps leading up to the open door of an Arab building in a dark alley lounge a dozen dusky daydreamers of the sort that invariably hang about inns and taverns in the Orient. A lantern suspended from an iron rod swings above, and on its whitened glass is painted 'Africa Hotel.' Silent, barefooted black boys in red fezzes and white flowing robes scamper noiselessly over the wooden floors. Rude pillars painted gray like the walls support the roof. Dark, windowless caverns furnished with a little table and wicker chairs yawn through open doors from all sides of the courtyard. At this hour in the early afternoon the place is empty and silent as the grave—even the tiny alcove that contains the bar. An Indian barkeeper's parchment-yellow head stares at us with ghostly effect from the recess, whose obscurity is relieved only by the white garments of the voiceless black boys. I draw a sigh of relief when the Greek proprietor emerges from a hidden corner on the left to write my name upon a blackboard.

Porters carry my luggage to the upper story, for the most desirable and airiest chambers are immediately under the beamed roof. These rooms have doors opening upon the street balcony, as well as upon the interior gallery. From the latter I can look straight down into the dining-room and the kitchen. On the tile floor of my chamber, parallel with the window wall, is an iron bed without linen, covered by a mosquito net. An oak bureau, sadly scratched and battered under its bright cotton scarf, a washstand with a tiny enamel-ware bowl and pitcher, a wardrobe, and a plain wooden table complete the furnishing.

In Africa the day begins early. At

six o'clock, as soon as the sun appears, the mosquito net rustles as a silent black boy lifts one corner to hand the half-aroused sleeper the cup of tea or coffee that keys him up to the task of rising. A wise man does not procrastinate, but hastens to the bathroom ahead of his neighbors. In a country like this, where races live together and sanitary conditions are not impeccable, the white man has learned to do without the tub and to content himself with hot and cold showers.

As the breakfast hour is from eight to ten, an early riser now has the best part of the day before him. He may be tempted to take a walk, but before he has made a hundred steps from the hotel door he will be bathed in perspiration. Yet a cool breeze fans the balconies, where one can lie in a steamer chair and watch the brightly clad, silently moving crowd in the street below. Just beyond the hotel is a little square. From a circular opening in its cement pavement rises a tall coconut-palm that lifts its crown of plumes above the surrounding roofs.

The menu offers all the items of an Englishman's breakfast, from sole to beefsteak, plus every fruit of the tropics. But of the latter only those familiar in Europe—oranges, bananas, and pineapples—are really relished by the whites. The sweetness or insipidity of the others soon palls on the palate. Vegetables and potatoes grow so fast that they lack the substance and solidity of those at home. String beans taste like immature peas, and both taste like grass.

My table companions are people of the neighborhood—Greek and Italian merchants and British officials. Two bronzed farmers from the mainland bolt their food with the silent haste of backwoodsmen, light cigars, and post off to the bar. This evening they will be as noisy and fuddled as they were

yesterday. But after that they will return to their plantations for six sober months of drudgery.

An Italian couple — he, lean, yellow, and shriveled; she, flabby and with an unhealthy, indoor pallor — are waiting for a steamer home. The long drought is just turning into the rainy season. Yesterday gentle showers alternated with sunny hot spells. This is the time when every Afrikander sets forth upon his journeyings, and not a berth is to be had for Europe. Men wait for weeks or months at coastal ports in the vain hope of getting passage. My Italian neighbor eats practically nothing, but drinks interminable cups of coffee, lifting his cigar to his mouth with trembling fingers between each sip. Malaria! His wife has an appetite rivaling that of the mainland farmers, and unless the couple get passage home in the near future she will need two chairs at table. In fact, the ladies that one sees lounging in the steamer chairs at African hotels are apt to be extraordinarily fat. Even Englishwomen from the Cape share this disposition to rotundity, for unless forced to do so they take little exercise in the tropics. The temptation simply to shift from one chair to another is irresistible, although nowhere else is it more desirable to move about and to keep in prime condition. Sedentary people quickly break down, begin to rely on whiskey for vitality, and soon degenerate into the physical wrecks that clutter every African port.

Even active men are sturdy drinkers here. On the way up our steamer stopped at a port where we were not allowed to land on account of smallpox. Consequently the thirsty whites on shore could not come aboard as usual to drink keg beer. Nevertheless, a blonde-bearded fellow, rowed by four black boys, appeared under the rails of the steamer just after sunrise and

ordered a Pilsener. A steward passed him a second, a third, and a fourth glass through a porthole. The laughing passengers heard him repeat as each was speedily emptied: '*I' bitt' schön, noch a' Pils.*' At nine o'clock the steward announced in a hollow, awe-struck voice: 'Eighteen.' The blonde beard sank comfortably on the man's bosom and the faithful black boys rowed their slumbering master back to the shore.

At another port a burly son of the Cape remained seated in the smoking-room after the gong had rung the thirsty visitors ashore. The anchor rose; the screw began to turn. We were already under way, when our reluctant guest drained his last glass, wished his new friends good luck, jumped over the rail, and swam to land.

At the hotel the English guests were always the last to leave the table. Only a few British firms are left in Zanzibar, and I am told that but one of these is making money. Their Indian competitors have driven them to the wall. The Greeks and the Italians have borrowed a leaf from the book of their Asiatic rivals. Like the latter, they open their shops, which are often poorer than many of the Indian establishments, at seven o'clock. But the Indian is master of the market as far as Oriental goods, rugs, antiquities, and jewelry are concerned. Nothing is cheaper than in Europe, and I never could solve the riddle of who buys the mountains of merchandise I saw displayed for sale.

On the knee-high benches of an Oriental jeweler's stand basin after basin filled with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, topazes, and opals. Gold and silverware of every age and every pattern lie scattered about. On a higher bench behind squats the Indian proprietor, his greedy black eyes glittering with the passion of gain.

A white cloth envelops his body like a skirt from the waist down, and a bright open jacket bound with gold braid hangs from his narrow shoulders. His turban or cap is likewise brilliantly embroidered. Dreamy women, robed in tender pink, green, or yellow, with heavy jewelry in their ears and noses and around their slender necks, wrists, and ankles, cower in the background. At the next shop, roll piled on roll of shining silk glistens with all the colors of the rainbow. Before a shop just across the narrow street hang rich rugs from Smyrna or Teheran. Every fruit and every bird of the tropics is to be bought in the market. All the fish and shellfish of the ocean are on sale.

Shop jostles shop. There are no front walls. A rear door opens into the family sleeping-room with its beds or mats. A heavy odor of garlic, boiling oil, and frying fish mingled with exotic, sweetish, spicy scents fills the streets. At first these smells are interesting and not particularly offensive, but eventually they become unendurable. They follow the visitor everywhere, through the narrow alleys of the town, past the warehouses at the landing, and even out into the plantations of tall, straight clove-trees that rise clad in dense, metallic-like foliage from their very roots.

These plantations originally belonged to the Arabs, who to-day are for the most part paupers. Few members of this proud race still live in Zanzibar on the scale of the wealthy and powerful gentlemen who formerly dwelt in the tall, gloomy stone houses of the city, and in the airy villas of the surrounding country, served by a host of slaves and servants. They cultivated their broad fields with black bondsmen, and sent their trading dhows from Sofala to Bombay to barter the wares of two hemispheres. First came the Europeans, who took away part of this commerce,

and then the Indians, who stripped them of the remnant. So before long these proud gentlemen were heavily in debt to their shrewder competitors. Creditors took over their estates and their city residences, and now their descendants live among the Swahilis whom their fathers despised. Only a few have retained their former wealth and position.

In front of the carved wooden portal of the lofty old residence of one of the few surviving Arab aristocrats lounge a crowd of Swahilis and Arabs, who live on the crumbs from their master's table. A black porter in a white robe and a red fez opens the door, and through a deep, shadowy, stone-arched passage my eyes catch a glimpse of a sunny, green, quiet courtyard. A plashing of water reaches my ears. Palms lift their crowns to the height of the roof. Silent black servants sprawl dozing on stone benches. Iron rings are set into the walls behind their backs, to which their slave fathers once were chained.

A stone stairway with carved wooden balustrades leads to the upper story. There a Swahili conducts us to a room that is very long and narrow, because the Arabs protect their apartments from the sun by strong, short roof-beams. Through the open balcony-door in the opposite wall falls a blaze of sunlight. Our white-bearded but active host rises from a knee-high pile of cushions and advances to meet us with formal but courteous hospitality. Knowing that his guests do not like to sit on cushions, he makes a motion with his hand. Instantly the black boys standing at the door bring two straight-back chairs of carved ebony, which they place facing a high mound of cushions against the wall. A little table about knee-high, with coffee and cigarettes, separates me and my companion from our host, who leans his turbaned head

against the wall as we converse. The broad sleeves of his robe of fur-trimmed, light-yellow silk fall back from his thin brown arms as he lifts his bony fingers to light a cigarette from a firebrand held before him by a Swahili. Beneath his white beard glistens a white shirt of softer material than the most fastidious Europeans wear.

My companion, who has known our elderly host for years, acts as interpreter. We talk of old and new Zanzibar. He mentions of his own motion the slave trade. A thoughtful scowl wrinkles his brow for a moment and regret shines in his hard black eyes. 'It was not so bad as you think,' he remarks with a melancholy accent, nodding thoughtfully. 'A fine business. . . . A fine business, and by no means as cruel as the Europeans pretended. All the slave trade we ever had cost fewer Negro lives than the fighting between you whites and your blacks. And a master took better care of his black slaves than that rabble there, constantly chasing from job to job, ever had.'

As he says this he points with his slender bony hand to the black boys, who stand at the door like watchdogs waiting for a gesture from their master. They understand his angry words, but remain straight and motionless. Only their big black eyes laugh and sparkle with amusement. They love such a master. Even from his low seat upon the cushions he can look down upon them in right lordly fashion. His hard eyes glance contemptuously at his three black attendants as he growls again: 'What's the Negro to-day? Everybody's slave!'

Our conversation drifts to Tippoo Tib, the greatest of the slave raiders, only to be interrupted when our host leads us up a back stairway to the roof. It overlooks the flat roofs of the far-spread town to the glittering azure

mirror of the sea. On the horizon, under the loom of distant blue mountains, lies the white coastline of the mainland, where the white houses of Bagamoyo sparkle in their green setting.

In olden days Bagamoyo saw the daily arrival of long caravans from the interior. Goose-stepping Negroes bore on their heads the copra and ivory, the costly woods, the fruits — all the wealth of the continent, to freight the dhows anchored at its landing. The skipper paid for these commodities out of the purse of an Arab merchant prince and sailed with them across to Zanzibar, the commercial stronghold of the East Coast. But the German came and shifted the trade to Daressalam, whence Africa's produce was sent far and wide across the sea. Thereupon the jungle quickly covered the old caravan-path and Zanzibar dozed into its long siesta.

Midday's approach is heralded by the sound of splashing showers in the bathrooms, and at half-past twelve gentlemen and ladies in fresh white linen are studying a still longer menu than in the morning. But the big words on the bill of fare signify little — slices of ill-cooked and ill-seasoned beef or veal as thin and about the same size as a visiting-card. The hungry guest tries one dish after another and overloads his stomach without feeling satisfied. It is equally difficult to decide what to drink. If you call for wine, a table companion, observing that you are a newcomer, will say: 'You'd better make it port, then.' All the other wines sold along the East Coast are frightfully adulterated. But port is too heady for this climate and temperature. Nor is beer much better. At the hotel, to be sure, it is placed on ice, but it is invariably tepid by the time it reaches the table. The natives and the townspeople seldom have ice, and drink their beer lukewarm. Many drink whiskey

and soda — a potation that ruins the palate and calls for a tongue of leather.

After dinner comes a fight with the sandman. Magnets seem to draw one's heavy, heat-wearied limbs to a couch or steamer chair. The man who surrenders sleeps heavily through the afternoon, wakes up with a leaden headache, and spends a sleepless night.

Among the residents who do not indulge in a siesta is the Sultan, who drives early every afternoon through the broader streets of the city into the country. The coachman or chauffeur and the footmen of his closed carriage or automobile are Swahilis. Said Calipha no longer dwells in his old palace at the landing, which looks like a gigantic bird-house with wooden cages for balconies in front of every window, but a stone's throw away in the harem. England provides a detachment of *askari* of the King's African Rifles, officered by white men, as his palace guard.

Since a strain of Swahili blood is supposed to run in the veins of the present Sultan, the Arab aristocracy, which takes intense pride in its purity of race, refuses to recognize him socially. Moreover, he is not considered a legitimate sovereign, because he owes his office to the British. A sister of the deposed Sultan, who has managed to keep her property, still resides at Zanzibar in right royal fashion. She is said to keep three hundred servants and has married a Parsi, an Indian who unites great social polish with keen business instincts, and is at the head of several prosperous commercial enterprises.

That gentleman was sitting with us one day in the hotel bar, rattling in his glass a piece of ice made at his own ice

factory, when a son of the ruling Sultan stepped in from the street to buy a package of cigarettes. Zanzibar etiquette forbids an Islamic prince to buy anything but tobacco — no matter how hot the weather — at a public bar. The Parsi caught sight of his wife's young relative and quickly bowed his head over the glass in which the product of his factory tinkled. The Sultan's son likewise quickly turned away his eyes and became absorbed in the list of guests' names on the adjoining blackboard. Neither cared to recognize the other.

When the Sultan returns from his afternoon ride, his detachment of Royal African Rifles lines up and presents arms. The red flag of Zanzibar floats over the roof of his palace. The automobiles of the English protectorate administration carry pennants of the same color, as do the Arab dhows in the port and the English passenger boat that plies between the island and the mainland. The princely prisoner receives a subsidy of a thousand pounds sterling a month from the British Treasury, and has a modest independent income from his private estate. He likes to receive foreign visitors and to discuss with them the price of copra, the clove crop, and the events of the day. But he never touches on political affairs, for his young English secretary is always present at such interviews. None the less, he enjoys the unbounded respect of his subjects. Whenever his automobile appears in the city streets or upon the country highways, the scrubbiest bush Negro, the poorest Indian coolie, or the raggedest Arab vagabond, makes a deep bow of reverence to His Majesty as he passes.

SHATTERED SHARDS OF HUMBLE HOPES¹

BY CARMEN LIRA

BECAUSE he was a man of florid complexion, they called him Juan Colorado to distinguish him from the other Juans of the barrio, Juan Jacobo and Juan Gabrielo, so called from the names of their respective wives, Jacoba and Gabriela. His cabin stood at the edge of the village at the foot of the hill upon which it was perched—a situation symbolical of its owner's place in the community.

The little stream that flowed in front of Juan's cabin door, had it been of a philosophical mind, would doubtless have reflected on the difference in fortunes between the owner of the last house upon its bank, nestled in this tiny nook at the base of the hill, and the master of the big, comfortable, two-story mansion, with gardens and roomy stables, at the top of the acclivity. It was a talkative little brook, dashing from silvery cascade to silvery cascade. From the spring where it emerged from the mountain-side until it reached Juan Colorado's humble cabin it never left the timberlands, stumplands, and meadows of the proprietor of the handsome, garden-encircled house on the summit of the hill. It turned for him a sawmill and a mill for grinding yucca starch. It never lingered long enough to count how many of his cattle slaked their thirst from its limpid waters. Eventually, none the less, it left this princely domain for Juan's humble garden, where it tarried scarcely a minute.

But if Juan was poor in land and

property, the Good Lord had blessed him with children in compensation. Perhaps it was due to the pure water that flowed past his door, or to the cool, invigorating breezes that descended from the mountain-tops, but the little ones who clustered like roses about his cabin were without exception sturdy, fair-haired little athletes.

Summer was approaching, and the master of the big house, having finished the season's logging in the mountains, had no more work to give the laborers of the neighborhood. In the afternoon the men would sit in the shade and lay their plans for going down into the valley and hiring out to pick coffee. Juan Gabrielo and his boys had a job on the plantation of Don José Manuel. Matías and his children would work for Don Quito.

Now Juan Colorado had a yoke of young oxen, scarcely more than yearlings, but strong and willing beasts, who were quietly cropping the grass that God gave them along the wayside because their owner had nothing for them to do. There were no more logs to haul at present and so they could idle in peace.

But there were also many little mouths to feed. At present the children were living upon the young corn that Juan was raising on shares on a piece of neighboring land. At night they would toast the still milky ears in their husks over the cabin fire. The cabin would be filled with the savory odor of young parched corn as their sharp, agile teeth stripped the cobs of the sweet, half-roasted kernels,

¹ From *Repertorio Americano* (San José Latin-American weekly), May 25

many of which had popped into white blooms like orange blossoms.

Likewise there were many young bodies, now sketchily draped in rags and tatters, to be clad. Chica, the eldest of the girls, a little woman eleven years old, was constantly plying her solitary needle. She worked miracles, but at times even miracles do not avail. There was not a garment in the family that did not rival Jacob's coat of many colors, so numerous and so various were the patches. With a cotton flour-sack of the Gallito brand she had made shirts for her younger brothers. To be sure they were puzzling garments, for half of the gamecock stamped on the sack was now on the front of Beto's shirt and part on the shoulder of Juan Chiquilfo's.

Finally October came with its cold rains. The peons began to go up the mountain to bring back rattan for making baskets, for which there was a great demand during the coffee-picking season. Juan Colorado prepared to accompany them. He must be earning something; he could not sit idle-handed with so many sharp little teeth demanding occupation. So at dawn one morning when a chilly drizzle, such as God sends only in these high altitudes, was falling steadily, he sallied forth and joined the procession of rattan-gatherers on their way to the forests above. It was a good three leagues' pull up a steep ascent before they reached a place where there was rattan enough for all. That night he reached home late, dragging a crushing load of green, heavy withes. He was wet to the skin and his feet were a mass of bruises. It took a second trip two days later, this time in a heavy fog, to secure a sufficient supply for all his baskets.

Luckily, the storms passed, and soon there was sunshine to dry the stock. By Friday twenty large, well-woven

baskets were ready for sale. To be sure, Juan's back and shoulders pained acutely and his hands were a mass of bleeding cuts from the sharp rattan. But that could not be helped. He had had to lean over all the week, first bending and setting the side ribs. If they were not right all the other work went for nothing and had to be done over. Then, after that, braiding and weaving, braiding and weaving, until one's eyes grew misty and one's head grew dizzy. It would have been much easier work to swing a machete or an axe all the blessed day long.

Beto, the oldest boy, nine years old, wove from the remnants of rattan three pretty little baskets, which he ornamented with fantastic red-and-green patterns. They would sell to the city girls for twenty-five cents apiece, and with that money he proposed to buy a *dulzaina*, a sort of shepherd's pipe, that it had been his dream to own ever since he had listened, wrapped in wonder, to a country boy playing upon one. He would learn to play it afternoons under the thatched shelter outside the door, and his brothers would shriek with delight for accompaniment. He could carry it in his pocket up into the forest, where he went with his father to help haul logs to the sawmill. There he would have time to play while his father was chopping, and there the birds would be his accompanists. Ah, that would be grand and solemn — to play up there in the cool solitude of the woods!

Friday found Juanito and Baltasar in a berry patch, their faces tattooed with berry stains, deftly dropping the fruit alternately into their mouths and into their baskets. By noon they were back, each with a couple of quarts of blackberries. Their brother Beto, who was to go to the town with his father the next day, was to sell these for them, and buy with the money a

couple of hats, because Juanito no longer rejoiced in the possession of such an article, and Baltasar's had long since lost its brim. Chica and Felicidad went to the woods that afternoon and brought back bouquets of Michaelmas buds. They were as agile as squirrels, and it was a delight to see them scrambling among the highest branches of the trees to gather the youngest and freshest buds. They brought back their arms full, and, while the other youngsters sat in a circle around them and the rays of the setting sun shone on their golden heads, the two girls arranged the buds in spirals around little canes and attached them there with thread. They could not use the opened blossoms, for the touch of a butterfly would have made the petals drop to the ground. The little wreathed canes looked very pretty with their alternating red buds and green leaves. Each was shaken as soon as finished to see if it was secure, while the youngest children shouted in chorus their delight. Beto was to sell these likewise at the market to the town children, who loved the flowers for their pungent odor, as well as for their beauty. He was to buy with the proceeds a yard of blue ribbon for each of the little coquettes at home.

Juan Colorado could not complain that his children lacked sentiment and imagination. Though they had not clothing to cover their nakedness, and often went to bed hungry at night, they were thinking of *dulzainas* and ribbons instead of bread and garments. Blessed be the humble, who even in their poverty cherish the love of music and beauty in their hearts!

Juan figured upon selling his baskets at ninety cents apiece. They were well worth it and even more, for he was a skillful basket-maker and they were handsome as well as substantial. Twenty at ninety cents — ten would

make nine colons, another ten would make another nine colons. With eighteen colons he could buy clothing for all the family; trousers for the boys, gowns for the girls and Natividad — Natividad, his poor wife, who was too ragged to go anywhere where people could see her! And then there would be bread, coffee, and candles.

Next morning the rising sun had hardly had time to lift the first curtain of darkness from the world when Juan's oxcart, loaded with baskets, was already rumbling through the little village. The children bade it adieu with shouts and wishes of good luck. The baskets of berries and the pretty wreathed canes added fragrant incense to the ceremony. The flowers were as fresh as the day before, for the girls had left them overnight in the brook. Drops still hung on their leaves, iridescent as pearls in the dawn's yellow sunlight.

It was still early in the day when Juan and Beto reached town. There they met the godfather of the children, who invited Juan to have 'a bracer.' So by the time they reached market Juan's eyes were already dancing and he felt the desire to sing and dance that always seized him after a glass or two of rum. No sooner had he reached the market than he felt discouraged at the abundance of baskets everywhere. Impossible to sell them at ninety cents apiece! Better let them go to the man who offered most for the lot. Finally he sold the twenty to a stall-keeper for six colons. The two men had to go to the nearest cantina to bind the deal. Beto remained seated on the curbstone, next to a man who was selling birds in cane cages, and waited quietly for his father to return.

His little baskets, his Michaelmas flowers, and his blackberries twinkled invitingly in the sun at the passers-by.

In the neighboring cages the *mosotillos* chirped their querulous complaints. The boy dreamed of playing on his *dulzaina*. It would not be so lonesome now up in the mountains helping his father get out logs. He would play until his father said: 'Shut up, Beto, you're driving me crazy.'

But where did they sell *dulzainas*? While he had time he would go and see. And the hats for Baltasar and Juanito; and the ribbons for his sisters that must be the same color as the sky. Well, well!

While he was pondering these things a crowd of men had gathered on the corner. *Dios mío!* What did he see! A policeman leading away his father, who kept shouting and singing at the top of his voice. He ran after him like mad. Juan Colorado, half intoxicated, with his hat in one hand, continued to shout incessantly wild, jubilant, deafening warwhoops. The happy spirits of the savage, released by a few drops of rum, were coursing through his veins.

'*Tata,*' stammered Beto, hurrying up.

'Hola, Betillo! My boy, Mr. Policeman. Betillo, this gentleman's taking me away because I am so happy.' And he resumed his wild, senseless shouting as he staggered on.

Beto followed his father, trembling and sobbing, utterly forgetful of his little baskets, his blackberries, his wreathed Michaelmas wands. A few minutes later the gate of the jail slammed in front of him and behind his father.

They put Juan Colorado in the lock-up, where there were already two men in a state of maudlin intoxication, who were shaking hands and pledging each other eternal friendship, a boy caught robbing a henroost, and two women who were taken for fighting in the street and who still glared at each other furiously.

Gradually Juan's happiness subsided and he fell asleep with his head sunk on his breast. The bugle of the cuartel at midday woke him up. Through the dirty windowpanes he could see the top of a pine tree in a neighboring garden. The two drunken men had passed the maudlin stage and were regarding each other with idiotic indifference. Poor Juan began to realize the situation. Not a glimmer now remained of the jubilant happiness of a few hours before.

Jesucristo, what had he done! What would he tell Natividad? But he had no time to think it over. He was called before the police magistrate. There in a cold barren room a young man sat behind a desk looking bored, and began to hear cases while he manicured his nails. He had the hands of a woman. One by one the prisoners were led up. The young magistrate scowled and sat erect. 'Ten colons fine for each of those drunken fellows. Let them know it will go harder with them next time if they repeat the offense.' The youthful chicken-thief was treated to a trite sermon without head or tail, in which the young magistrate repeated the word 'honesty' in every sentence, continuing to manicure his nails while he talked. At length he concluded with: 'One week in jail.'

He now came to Juan, who began to stammer and call the magistrate colonel, because he saw chevrons on his arms. Yes, he had shouted because he was happy. He had drunk a few glasses of rum and could not keep still. They ought to let him go. What would happen to his boy, Beto? The Señor Colonel would surely pardon one offense. He was an honest man — Don Juan Pacheco and Don Esteban Solís would go witness to that.

As a sign of mercy and since it was a first offense, Juan was fined five colons and seventy-five cents, 'not-

withstanding the tremendous scandal he had caused by disturbing the peace. A man who drinks to excess is not an honest man!' With this stern sentence, uttered with an air of finality, the young police magistrate, whose delighted tongue vibrated like a castanet whenever a sip of whiskey or cognac moistened it, dismissed the case.

'Five colons and seventy-five cents.' Juan had to repeat it several times to understand it. Where would he get them? Of course, he had six colons in his pocket, but they were to buy clothing for his wife and children, to say nothing of food.

The police magistrate showed signs of irritation. If he did not want to pay he could serve out his time in the calaboose, and as he said this the young official twirled his moustache with his ladylike fingers. Juan paid his money and received a peseta's change.

Beto was still sitting on the curb in front of the jail. He no longer cried. The dust had settled on his tear-stained cheeks, giving him an odd mottled look. Now and then he remembered his baskets, his garlanded canes, his blackberries, the oxcart. He did not go to look for them, because he thought his father would come out at any moment. He tried to talk with the policemen on guard, but they did not understand him. So he simply sat there waiting, thinking sadly of the

dulzaina he would never see and the music he would never hear.

The moment Juan came out he called to Beto. The boy ran up to him, clasped him around the legs, and began to cry and laugh. They embraced each other in tearful silence. The oxen and the cart were found in a safe place, where the man who had bought the baskets had kindly placed them. His single peseta danced in Juan's pocket. He and Beto sat on a bench in the park wondering what to do with that money. A dulce-peddler passed—one of those who carry their wares thrust on a long narrow stick. They looked good to Beto, and Juan called to the man. The boy bought a cake guitar with red strings, a policeman uniformed in yellow frosting, and a transparent jelly woman. The rest of the money was spent for bread.

Night was approaching. Juan's cabin was silent because the children had gone up the road to meet the cart. The mother sat in the shadow of the doorway with a baby at her breast, smiling after them as they ran shouting up the hill. She hoped that Juan had bought a piece of blue calico with little white wheels, for dresses.

At the top of the hill the children stood and waited.

The dulzaina! The hats! The ribbons! 'What's a dulzaina?' asked José.

At length the rumble of the cart was audible in the gathering dusk.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JENNY LIND¹

NANNA LUNDH-ERIKSSON

THE modern Stockholm differs considerably from that of a hundred years ago. A ghost from the beginning of the last century could hardly find its way in the crowded, restless metropolis of to-day, and it surely would miss the little gardens and flower beds that once, like green oases, freshened up streets and alleys. If it should come to Kungsträdgården it would feel lost altogether. Where the kings of Sweden once had their beds of herbs, their fruit trees and fair blossoms, and where the gentle queen of the stern Charles XI watched, under the tall trees, the play of her children, including the boy who was to become Charles XII, there is now hardly more than a sandy desert, in which the statue of Charles XIII looks properly insignificant.

Where the business building of Nordiska Kompaniet now lifts its prosaic walls, there stood until the very end of the last century an old palace of the nobility, once the home of the Sparre family. But before it finally burned down, on a windy March morning in 1899, it passed through many vicissitudes. For a long time it had served as a retreat for widows of the middle class, and it must be admitted that as a refuge it had agreeable surroundings. In the old royal garden, facing the house, there were lively scenes at almost all hours. In the morning it was fashionable to sip waters from the spring in the pavilion at its southern end, and in the evenings Society paraded under its long rows of

trees to the tunes of lively music. In the afternoons the military *Vakt-Paraden* marched through the shaded walks on the Garden's eastern side, and one can be sure that then, as now, great crowds of the city's denizens gathered to accompany the guardsmen, preceded by a band playing lively airs, on their way to the royal castle.

In one of the wings of the Widows' Home lived the caretaker of the institution, and in his family there was a small boarder, a young girl named Jenny. She was at this period in the 1820's a homely and awkward little lass, but extremely musical.

The childhood of little Jenny had not been a happy one. At the age of eighteen her mother had first married a man thirty years her senior, but the union had been most unsuccessful, ending in a divorce. Being without means for the support of herself and her child born of this marriage, the young woman had opened a school for young girls, but this had met with obstacles and difficulties of a thousand kinds. Her second marriage, to a book-keeper named Jonas Lind, the father of Jenny, was also of the unhappy kind, and the many trials the poor mother had to endure did not tend to make her moods any sweeter. She had, moreover, by nature a violent and irritable temperament; and as her daughter was in this respect very much like her, it is easy to understand that the child did not have an easy time of it at home.

As a small baby she had been farmed out to the family of a country chorister

¹ From *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* (Stockholm Conservative daily), March 28

at Sollentuna, and had not been returned to her mother until she was three years old. Education was in those days very strict. Corporal punishment was common, and at times it bordered on torture. That the violent-tempered mother treated Jenny altogether too harshly is a sad fact, and even as a grown woman Jenny Lind spoke of her childhood with reluctance.

Being associated with the other pupils in her mother's school, she received, however, what was for that period a remarkably good training. Piano-playing, sewing, and Christian doctrine were her favorite subjects. Her great future was not suspected.

When the mother's temper became too unbearable, Jenny found a refuge in the Widows' Home, because one of the pensioners was her grandmother, a kind and delightful old lady who, like all grandmothers, treated the child with all possible tenderness and love. When Jenny first moved from the chorister's family to the city, she spent long periods with her grandmother, and at this time begins the story of how her unusual musical gifts were discovered.

One day *Vakt-Paraden* had just passed through the King's Garden. The military display, the bright banners flying in the breeze, and the stirring music had made a deep impression on the child, who had watched the procession from one of the windows in the old palace. A moment later the grandmother surprised her at the piano, picking out the tune that had just been played. Clean-cut and distinct the notes came from the frail old instrument as the little fingers struck the right keys without hesitation.

Overcome with awe, the grandmother at first stared at the little four-year-old, in whose serious gray eyes an inner fire seemed to glow, and could not suppress an exclamation; whereupon the little one, who was used to getting

scolded and spanked for whatever she did, crawled terror-stricken under the piano. Her grandmother pulled her out and reassured her. After that they had many glorious hours at the piano.

When Jenny was eight years old her mother discontinued her school and together with her elder daughter took a position in the country. Thus Jenny was left without a home, but found a refuge with the caretaker of the Widows' Home, and was thus left under the care of her gentle and sunny grandmother. The years she spent with this simple but friendly family were the happiest of her childhood. Later she wrote of this period: 'I sang for every step, every leap, I took with my childish feet.' By all the old inmates she was loved and cherished, a ray of sunshine in the twilight of their lives. Among her playmates was a cat, a big, handsome, and devoted pussy, which at all hours used to lie in her lap. To this cat she used to sing with childish unconsciousness her ballads and folk songs, until, overflowing with enthusiasm, she would seize the animal in her hands and hold it high in the air while she sang a few more ditties.

In those days there were no automobiles, trucks, or buses to make the streets noisy, and those who passed the Widows' Home could hear the little girl's merry songs, and many of them stopped to admire the clear, bell-like tones. Among these passers-by was a servant-girl, employed by a première danseuse at the Royal Theatre. In that kind of household the maid had presumably learned to take an interest in music. At any rate, she told her mistress about the little girl with the clear voice. The dancer, who had made inquiries before when she had heard little Jenny sing, understood at once what a future was in store for her, and after long efforts was able to persuade the grandmother to allow the child to

be trained for the stage—a musical education outside the theatre being then inconceivable.

A little later, when Jenny's mother returned to Stockholm, she would not hear of any stage training. The theatre was, to the majority, a place where sin and frivolity flourished and whither the dregs of society gravitated. Truth to tell, only too many members of the dramatic profession justified this popular impression, though of course there were exceptions.

Gradually it appeared that the economic situation of the Lind family was becoming worse, and in the end the mother, yielding to numerous persuasions, called one day on 'the first choirmaster,' Carl Magnus Crelius, to let the nine-year-old girl try her voice. The outcome was satisfactory.

Next, Crelius and the theatrical manager succeeded in overcoming the mother's scruples and Jenny was enrolled in the preparatory school of the Royal Theatre. The following year the ten-year-old child got her first assignment—the rôle of Angela in a piece called *The Polish Mine*. Besides charming the public with her voice, she danced and acted so well that the press afterward declared that she 'undoubtedly will become an excellent support for our stage.'

But while her career from this moment went skyward, her home life became all the more depressing. Her grandmother had died, and her mother moved back to Stockholm for good. With her Jenny was to live, and the theatre paid the mother a round sum for her child's support. For 250 riksdaler banco she was to provide the daughter with 'food, clothing, house-room, instruction in singing, declamation, dancing, and those branches of knowledge appertaining to the training of an educated woman.' Among these

were 'piano-playing, religion, French, history, geography, penmanship, arithmetic, and drawing.'

The mother's temper did not mellow with the years, and Jenny herself was not of the meek in the land. Often their proud and high-strung personalities clashed, and what Jenny missed most of all in her home was peace and quiet. The chief blame must not be ascribed to the daughter, however. With other pensioners, placed in her home by the theatre, the pretentious and exacting mother also had clashes, which ended in her losing them, so that Jenny was left alone to endure her mother's reproaches and outbreaks of bad temper.

One day when Jenny was fourteen years old there was such a violent scene between mother and daughter that the former literally drove her child out of the house. In despair Jenny sought refuge with a friend and faithful comrade in the theatre, Lars Hjortsberg, who procured a home for her with the *directrice* of the training school, Mlle. Bayard, where she enjoyed a few quiet, peaceful years.

Afterward, on one other occasion, Jenny Lind spent some time with her mother, and both appear to have endeavored to control their easily aroused temperaments; but luckily for them, Jenny's career soon led her away from home out into the wide world, and as distances between them increased they both forgot much of what had been awry. As Jenny speedily gained fame and fortune, her parents received their share of her income, and for their use she bought a little estate at Bommers in Uppland, where they grew old free from worries of an economic nature. The letters Jenny sent them relating her successes abroad were as full of solicitous care and filial concern as anyone could wish.

THE DIARY OF A GREAT PIANIST¹

BY FERRUCCIO BUSONI

March 27, 1904

ALTHOUGH the weather has been more or less unpleasant all through my stay in America, I woke on the morning of my departure to behold a dazzling day. Everything was sun and glitter, the air mild and yet stimulating, and the city had an air of renewal. All this plus the thought of the journey threw me into one of those infinitely rare, almost unreal, moods in which every trifle seems interesting and delightful, in which one sees things as if for the first time in his life, and thus borrows an illusive feeling of youth.

My car passed through a quiet, pleasant quarter of Hoboken which pleased me so much that for a moment I almost felt inclined to stay. On board ship everything was brisk activity, scenes of farewell both doleful and cheerful — but both impartially illumined by the all-vivifying sun, so that the whole thing had an air of celebration.

As the steamer got under way the band struck up an emotional old German song, and down below stood hundreds of people packed against one another, all waving their handkerchiefs, all apparently receding from us. We went past New York's highest buildings, past the Statue of Liberty, calmly past imposing steamships — all this covered and illumined by the sunlight. Then I fell to sobbing, overcome by a melancholy kind of happiness, really uplifted in mood and yet keenly aware of all human weaknesses, of the petty homogeneousness, the timidity,

of most before a great decision and a wide separation. I myself was clutched by the feeling that I was turning my back, perhaps too unceremoniously and without due consideration, upon a period of my life, upon a great country which was a world in itself. I was cheered by the approaching prospect, for which I had long yearned and which had not been attainable, of returning once more to everything dear to me; cheered, too, by the responsibility of the new duties inviting me, for which circumstances and I were jointly responsible; and by the thought that the next few days would complete a new year of my life. I felt an involuntary



SELF-CARICATURE

By Busoni: 'F. B. does a little business in N. Y.'

wish to strike a balance between the things done and things yet to do.

It is a source of perpetual unrest to me that the things I have yet to do

¹ From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), April 19, May 17

concern me more than the things I have done, even though the latter are the more difficult of the two. For once I was actually content with things done, and this year I have accomplished two thirds of what I had outlined in advance. A rare percentage! Yet I feel more concerned over the one third that remains to do than over the two thirds that are done.

March 28, 1904

Two days of the journey, beautiful, sunny, and calm. Friday afternoon for a half-hour I had the pleasure of a complete rest; I sat in the sunshine and enjoyed this unusual moment. But soon I was impatient again — this unendurable passivity! One counts the quarter-hours. Everything on board is jammed pell-mell together. If I could only get to work on something interesting!

A great joy. I have read Stevenson. He is a great man, a story-teller, a thinker, a realist, a fantastic fellow, a poet and philosopher, simple yet complex, always beginning with a master's touch and holding his grip upon you. He is new and original, the kind of writer who might just as well have written three hundred years ago or three hundred years in the future. Profound without being heavy, he is a moralist and yet primarily an author. These are the two main things: the artist must, before everything, be a man of true ability, and he must also be a man of long vision, who stands outside the momentary relationships of time and space. Then he is a writer who will last.

In his story, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Stevenson has undertaken to embody — the word is to be taken literally — an abstract moral conception. He begins his work with one of those master strokes of the story-teller that instantly subdue the reader's soul to the author. Not for a moment through a long series

of situations and mysteries heaped one upon another does the author let the reader come to himself. Only with the solution that cuts the knot of the secret does this end. Because this introduces an idea that cannot be incorporated as a living figure, it has to take so violent and grotesque a form that an author of authority and skill less than Stevenson's would have ruined the success of the whole. . . .

Some such idea was in the mind of the German writer E. T. A. Hoffmann when he outlined the character of the jeweler Cardillac in his *Fräulein von Scudery*, but he did not have the idea so clear and he did not push it to its utmost consequence. The fantasy of Hoffmann and the psychological rigor of Poe are here united. The treatment has romantic intensity which reaches over toward the sensational. All in all this is one of the most remarkable short stories that one can find.

March 29, 1904

I have brought the score of Richard Strauss's *Sinfonia domestica* on board with me. Strauss is a real talent and has great gifts. Polyphony and movement are for him essential elements. In this piece, however, — which I had done no more than read over, — he gives up lucidity in his musical illustration. The 'Children's Cry' is the only thing that cannot be misunderstood — if one knows the title in advance.

This long work consists of sentences, the sentences of little motifs. Many things from earlier works return. It is a family picture, very depressing, irritated, excited, and restless. The score looks like the streets of New York. . . . All in all, a work for which one must have the greatest respect and in which one finds much to amuse him and much to quote. So much for the first impression!

I have been reading Stevenson with

growing admiration. He does not repeat himself. He is a bazaar of scenes and ideas. He has the key to the story-telling problem as no one else. I have read a Spanish, a French, and an Irish story, a psychological one, a philosophic one, everywhere color and character of compelling plasticity. Humor, pathos, seriousness, the poetry of nature, the observation of man. Above all he is a story-teller, an author.

There is a beautiful Steinway grand piano on board, but I do not dare open it. I cannot get over this timidity before semipublicity. I should very much like to play if I were only alone. Moreover, the people on board are not sympathetic and do not fit together. Everybody looks at everybody else stiffly, almost with hostility. An American sculptor named Niehaus, a lad of fifty-eight years but an honest artist, is the only one to whom I have spoken.

March 30, 1904

How young our European music still is — only a few hundred years old, although our culture already counts many thousands of years. There must be a reason why music as an art develops so late. Perhaps it does not find models lying ready in nature as the other arts do, and so the first impulse to imitate cannot arrive.

We must therefore not be surprised if the Americans have not as yet any musical art of their own. Their highly developed sense of reality makes the Americans excellent painters. Music, to my way of thinking, stands next to the sense for the abstract, in which the Americans are still children and diletante. Music is most closely related to nature, but not to nature's forms — rather to its essence.

London, September 24, 1919

I expected redemption from London, and received — a fine first impression!

The city has not changed, but I am a changed man. I observe that now I do not expect anything from outside myself, whereas I once expected everything. This does not make me less happy, but it makes me quieter and more alone.

'Nothing returns that once has been,' says Anatole France in a book that I brought with me from Paris; 'that is the charm of the past.' Only 'change gives us a melancholy mood and amuses us.' England, which before the war was the most democratic country, is today — since it has not changed — by comparison the most aristocratic. The country about Southampton is enchanting. Oh, these meadows, these old trees!

London, September 30, 1919

What I love most about London on this visit is the Embankment — the river with its bridges, Westminster, Saint Paul's, the Tower, ships and factories, the wonderfully rich façade of Buckingham Palace. From the rear windows of the hotel one can see some of it, whether the sun is shining or whether there is fog. I look at people less than I used to. I find their expression deeply displeasing. Of London architecture I might say that it is 'discreet.' It is like a piece that is played with correctness and taste, and not without understanding, but slower than it should be and not so loud. My old saying that the English can be tasteful but not artistic comes back to me. Even in their architecture they do not want to 'shock.' (And alas for them if they try it!) Beautiful! Once more it occurred to me how the art of architecture calmly maintains itself as a steadfast background to the movement of history. Strength and victory, I call it.

London, October 15, 1919

To-day my London piano recital, which made me a little tense. Such

evenings as to-day's make the passing instant worth while to me. It has been my characteristic weakness that I let the moment slip in expectation of a better one to come, whereas the 'clever' man exploits 'the moment' as if it were something real and existing. Which of us is right? Probably we are all deceiving ourselves, each according to his temperament and the degree of his intelligence.

London, October 16, 1919

All the people who used to speak German speak English nowadays, and if they risk a German sentence they whisper it as if it were the point of an improper story. Stupid world, weak people!

Edinburgh, October 20, 1919

It is interesting to see how every kind of so-called impresario rouses a very special kind of unsympathetic and contemptuous feeling in me — Jew or Christian, Englishman or something else. I mean a definite kind and a definite degree of lack of sympathy, not to be confused with the other kind. Just as a dog wakes a definite chord of sympathy in me. I felt it yesterday, when I saw a bulldog, indescribably horrible-beautiful and terrifying-good-natured.

London, October 28, 1919

A permanent Shakespeare theatre is being planned here, and Bernard Shaw was announced to speak in public about it. He began something like this: 'This is a great "national" occasion which concerns every Englishman. The subscription lists are open. So far there is only one subscriber, and he is a German. Twenty-five thousand pounds.' Is n't that priceless?

London, November 1, 1919

Yesterday afternoon Bernard Shaw came to tea — which he did not drink.

He is now sixty-three years old, and so far as appearance goes might be the brother of Haase, only wittier, livelier, and keener. He instantly began to fire off some of his witticisms.

M—— remarked that she had just come out of a nursing-home. 'I wonder you've got out alive,' said G. B. S. 'A regular hospital turns you out on the street before you are half cured, but a nursing-home never lets anybody out until he is dead.'

At tea he talked principally about music. He loves Mozart understandingly: 'Mozart was a master. I learned from him how one can say important things and yet remain unpretentious and entertaining.'

'How,' I asked, 'do you fit that in with your admiration for Wagner?'

'Oh, there is room for different things in the world. In Wagner's time there was need for protest against senseless misunderstanding; but I must admit that however much I may love Tristan, I can find it in me to wish he had been a little earlier in dying.'

'Why have you never written that down?' I asked. But he had no answer ready. Then he began to praise Elgar, especially his exact knowledge of the orchestra. 'He showed me how to make a part of Beethoven's *Leonora Overture*, which never sounded well, mean something.' He spoke of Elgar's correctness as a bad thing.

He seemed to have given little thought to the essentials of opera. He could not, he said, have written a libretto. He would merely have been writing something he had written elsewhere.

'I should be glad,' said I, 'to try my hand at music for the scene in Hell in your *Man and Superman*.'

'It would be wasted effort,' said Shaw. 'It would n't make any money.'

'It was not exactly that prospect which attracted me,' said I.

'Oh, but you must take these matters into account,' said he. 'Of course I am not a famous artist [this half jokingly], but I can claim to have ridden *my* hobbyhorse too.'

As a musician he has remained a dilettante, and of course such an intellectual dilettante is incomparably better than a mere specialist.

He is working, he himself tells me, on an enormous play which will occupy four evenings, in which he suggests that the world has grown so great and so complex that life is too short to understand and control it all. Consequently modern man develops longevity and aspires to reach the age of Methuselah — three hundred years. In the course of the play mankind actually succeeds in doing so. The first act takes place in Paradise, where the first human beings are not aware that they must die, and where for the first time death appears on earth. The second act takes place in the present day. In this Lloyd George and Asquith are to be introduced discussing the project to introduce a bill into Parliament providing for lives of three

hundred years. The third act takes place several centuries later, when men are actually reaching such an age. In this new age, however, there are still more fearful complications and funny situations. As for the fourth act, he himself had not decided just how to treat it. It was to be played thousands of years in the future, and Shaw had not made up his mind just how to represent the world at that time.

Oh, good old Shaw! What realism, what machinery to make men happy! Shaw loves humankind (his telegraph address is 'Socialist, London') theoretically. Moreover, he is now 'in training' to become a second Methuselah. . . .

I have accustomed myself to circumstances once more, but they seem so much less important than before, and it is easier for me now to look at things with more experienced eyes. The throngs go streaming by, and yet at every step, every day, there are new faces. Each individual is a poor, little, uninteresting existence! The insignificance of faces in the street is striking. Greatness does not lie in quantity.

CLOUDS

BY E. JOYCE HARRISON

[*Poetry of To-day*]

THE skirts of the clouds trail over the hill
And drearily sweep the sky;
Their voices are quavering, thin, and shrill,
I can feel the tears when they cry,
Those poor old women from over the hill
With their skirts a-trailing the sky.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

WRITING HOME FROM WATERLOO

THE *London Times* has been publishing some of the letters written home by Ensign Joseph St. John, who fought with the Guards at Waterloo. The letters of the youthful officer, who was only sixteen at the time of the battle, were recently found by one of his descendants among some family papers. The first half-dozen describe the journey to Brussels and the gossip there of how Napoleon had been 'getting loose' from Elba. The English army seems to have had a good time in Brussels. At any rate, when his regiment marched out of the town at three o'clock in the morning, 'huzzaing all the way through the town and the people at the windows crying,' Ensign St. John declared that he 'never was so sorry to leave a town, the English were so doted upon by the inhabitants.' There is a long account of Quatre Bras and Waterloo: —

'I wrote the other day (the evening of the battle) a line to say I was safe. I will now give you an account of all that has happened. On the evening of Thursday, the 15th, we heard that the French had attacked the Prussians under Blücher and the next morning we left Enghien at 3 o'clock and we marched from that time till 5 o'clock in the evening, we (the Guards) came up to a wood on the side of a road [Bossu Wood] where the French were, we entered the wood at the end of the wood next the road, having open country to the left of the road, and drove the French clean through it, but as we had no cavalry or artillery up we could not stay in the open country so the French cavalry drove us into the wood again.

This sort of work went on till dark when we left the wood and bivouacked all night, we lost about 4 officers and 500 men in our brigade (the 2nd brigade was not engaged) everybody said that they had never been under such a hot fire for so long a time.

'A sergeant of the French came up with his bayonet fixed to one of our officers who is a very little fellow and told him that he must surrender himself prisoner. "No" says our officer "you forget that you are a frenchman (*sic*) and I an Englishman so you are my prisoner." "*Eh bien*" says the frenchman, "*chacun son lot, et je me rends votre prisonnier.*"

'That night the French attacked the Prussians and licked them taking 18 or 20 pieces of cannon and the Prussians losing a good many men killed and wounded so when Lord Wellington sent over to the Prussian Headquarters they were all gone and we had to retreat towards Brussels immediately. Our army took up a position on the right of the road leading from Nivelles to Brussels some part of it crossing the road, that evening the French came up and there was some cannonading and some slight affair between our cavalry and theirs. We bivouacked that night and the next morning about 9 o'clock there was a great deal of manœuvring without any fighting — at last, they say Lord Wellington looking at one of their movements said "can they be such fools" and immediately he gave orders for the army to be drawn up and the French attacked us, and then began a battle in which battle I flatter myself

that the 1st. Division (composed only of the 3 regiments of Guards) distinguished themselves not a little.

'We were drawn up, I speak of our division, as I saw none others move, in squares and we were then under a most tremendous shelling for 2 hours, then the thing that we expected happened, the French cavalry charged our squares, it was pretty work, they charged us and we beat them off the whole squares firing at them (The Brunswick infantry are some of the finest troops that ever were), they were next us — from us they charged them they beat them off and so did all then they opened another most tremendous cannonade for some time, we then heard musket balls whizzing over our heads and our Division alone took ground to the left just on the ridge of a hill . . .

'We were then ordered to lay down till the Imperial Guards came up close. The prisoners of them all say that Buonaparte came up to them and said his last hopes was in them and that if they broke our point the plunder of Brussels should be their reward. When we laid down the Imperial Guards thought we were gone and they came up very fast, the moment they came near we jumped up and poured in such a volley upon them that they could not stand it, and from that time there was a compleat defeat of the French, it was a second Leipsig with slaughter. Our second brigade behaved uncommonly well at a house in a wood [Hougoumont]. You will most likely see the accounts in the despatches. Lord Wellington said to General Byng who commanded our Division towards the latter end of the day, "Well, my dear Byng, I have observed the Guards through the whole day and I am more pleased with them than you can conceive." Yesterday he said to him "I have not forgotten the Guards in my despatches I do believe that they gained

the battle." A very pleasant thing to have said of us by a man who seldom praised us much.

'Well now my fingers are tired.'

In view of subsequent relations of a different sort, it is interesting to find the young English officer commenting enthusiastically on Prussian politeness. He tells how he fell in with a picket of the Pomeranians, and 'never was treated more civilly.' Prussian regiments, whom the Guards marched past, would be drawn up to cheer with their bands playing 'God Save the King.' It is rather striking that throughout his whole description of the battle it never occurs to Ensign St. John to mention the name of Waterloo.

*

THE BELL OF REMEMBRANCE

IN the ancient castle of Rovereto near Trent, which is being used as an Italian war museum, a huge bell has been hung in memory of the war dead. The bell is one of the largest in Europe, coming next after those in Moscow, Cologne, and Vienna, weighs five and a half tons, and is beautifully carved with a procession of warriors and other figures marching round its circle.

It is to be rung every evening for one minute after the Angelus, and on great anniversaries of the war, for five minutes. The Government has set aside special dates which will commemorate the dead of Italy, France, England, America, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia. As a final touch of modernity, radio apparatus is to transmit the tones to all the world that cares to listen.

*

WOBBLY WEMBLEY

THE British Empire Exhibition at Wembley has been in almost constant trouble of one kind or another since it first opened last year, and this year its

second season continues the tradition. The whole difficulty has been that people do not come. At present the exhibition is averaging approximately 50,000 a day where it should be possible to secure 150,000.

The most urgent objections are entered by the proprietors of the amusement section of the exhibition, who find fault vigorously with the management. Part of the difficulty seems to have been the high charges for admission, which were last year as high as half a crown one day a week. The Wembley showmen say that the charge should be reduced to as low a figure as sixpence on Fridays and a regular charge of only one shilling instead of one shilling and sixpence as at present.

Other fault is found with the railroad and transport companies, who are charged with failure to provide adequate means of returning late from the exhibition. Comparative figures from this year and last indicate that about half as many people are coming daily as when the exhibition was first opened. The *Westminster Gazette* says editorially that the authorities in charge of the exhibition as a whole 'have been singularly reluctant to accept advice.'

Discovery prints a description of the remarkable demonstration which the Royal Society is giving at Wembley to all who care enough about such things to ask for it:—

Have you heard and seen the atom? If not, may I remind you that you can do so at no charge to yourself if you visit the Royal Society's demonstration in the Government Building at Wembley. Incidentally, you cannot yet see the atom itself, but you can see the visible record of its track, the smoke-trail of a tiny rocket. The scientific staff are prepared to demonstrate every known kind of ray and wave. The visible spectrum, the ultra-violet, and the infra-red can all be made manifest at your bidding. Light can be translated into sound, and wireless waves can be made to show

themselves in an exquisite dancing pattern of intricate weaving curves on the top of a cathode valve, a fairy ballet of the frequencies. The whole exhibit is a marvel of thoroughness and beautifully demonstrated, and it does not matter in the least if you do not really know all about it before you go. They explain what they are doing and what the particular experiment demonstrates, and you can ask questions and have it all painstakingly explained. It is really a very wonderful chance, for there you may see an actual demonstration of the latest wonders of science, things you may have read about but never had a chance to see actually working.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S STOCKINGS

THOUGH the Queen of Spain proverbially has no legs, Queen Elizabeth quite frankly had, and modern England has no hesitancy in admitting the fact. That is why the royal silk stockings are still on exhibition in the old palace of Hatfield, once a royal nursery for King Henry VIII's children and later the prison of Princess Elizabeth while her bloodthirsty sister Mary was on the throne.

To-day it is the home of the Marquis of Salisbury, who owns these and other relics of Queen Elizabeth still treasured there. They include a little riding-coat and a garden hat. But the most interesting is a pair of yellow-silk stockings, beautifully knit with twisted silk. The feet are plain, but the rest of the stockings has a diamond pattern, and any flappers who may chance upon this article will rejoice to learn that the back has a fancy openwork seam. The Queen's feet were small. A size three shoe would have fitted her.

Elizabeth is said to have formed her taste for silk stockings on New Year's Day 1559, shortly after her accession, when one of her ladies-in-waiting brought a gift of silk stockings. After this she destroyed her ordinary hose

and announced that she would wear nothing but silk in the future.

*

GALSWORTHY'S NEW PLAY

The Show, a new Galsworthy play in three acts, has had a fairly successful first production at St. Martin's Theatre, London. The critic who complained that Mr. Galsworthy cannot step out of doors without barking his shins on a social problem finds himself amply justified in this latest of his dramatic works. The play causes the *Morning Post's* critic to observe: 'It raises questions of public interest which will certainly make it the topic of wide debate and criticism, affecting as they do the methods of the press and of the law.'

In the first act Colonel Morecombe, a celebrated aviator with a magnificent war-record, is found dead in his study. There is no question but that he committed suicide. The play hinges about the legal quest for a motive. A detective, cross-examining the dead man's wife, from whom he had been separated for fifteen months, discovers that she has had a lover. He instantly decides that he has found the motive for the suicide. A newspaper man, ferreting for news, discovers, on the other hand, that Morecombe has had a mistress. To the intense distress of the people thus affected, all these facts are brought out at the inquest. When it is too late, a friend arrives with a letter posted just before the suicide, in which the dead man explains that he killed himself because of his fear of insanity.

All the painful facts that the investigation has dragged to light are quite without bearing upon the suicide. All the shame and agony of the exposure have been quite unnecessary.

*

TWO GREAT, GOOD MEN

THE worm will turn — that is where the worm has the advantage over the

humble interviewer, who rarely dares to. One of the inquisitorial tribe has, however, at length revolted and writes for the *London Passing Show* this squib about two great and goodly men and their demeanor when put to the question: —

Besides, a reporter has his work cut out to give an absolutely faithful account of a conversation. Especially if he's interviewing a man like Wells or Shaw. I have tried to interview both. H. G. Wells is liable to sudden gusts of indignation that are sometimes unprintable in their original form. He will jump up, slap the table, shake his fist, and fulminate. It's really very difficult to take it all in!

As for G. B. S., you never know when to take him seriously. He talks nineteen to the dozen and laughs so appreciatively at his own humor that the whole affair is more like a music hall 'turn' than an interview.

*

HE CHINNED HIMSELF!

How to look like the firm-jawed youth in the success advertisements, according to a correspondent of the *London Daily Herald*: —

Your recent paragraph on receding chins recalls the experience of a friend of mine, who has — permanently, I think — cured himself of one of these undesirable landmarks of weakness, and is now the proud possessor of a chin worthy of a pugilist.

In his case, however, the 'recede' was caused more by nasal trouble than by inherited character, and by the simple though jaw-aching process of protruding his lower jaw and placing his upper jaw so that the teeth in it acted as a ratchet on the lower ones he kept his lower jaw in the required position.

This he did at the comparatively early age of seventeen, so I cannot say whether this method would succeed in cases where the bones have had more time to set and harden.

LAWRENCE J. HIGGINS

BOOKS ABROAD

The Truth about Kitchener, by V. W. Germaines.
London: Bodley Head, 1925. 8s. 6d.

[*Daily Herald*]

IN a book called *The Truth about Kitchener*, published to-day, an extraordinary letter written to the author, Mr. V. W. Germaines, by General Ludendorff, is printed.

After paying a compliment to Lord Kitchener's ability as a military organizer, General Ludendorff concluded his letter as follows:—

'His mysterious death was the work neither of a German mine nor of a German torpedo, but of the Power which would not permit the Russian Army to recover with the help of Lord Kitchener, because the destruction of Tsarist Russia had been determined upon. Lord Kitchener's death was caused by his ability.'

The author refrains 'from dotting the i's and crossing the t's of this statement too narrowly'; but he says, 'Englishmen who remember the uncommonly close relations which existed in those days between the Russian revolutionary committees and the German intelligence service may be forgiven for drawing their own conclusions.'

The suggestion is, of course, that the Hampshire, the cruiser which was conveying Lord Kitchener to Russia, was sunk by Bolshevik agency. But it has been proved, as far as anything could be proved, that the Hampshire struck a rock and went down directly.

[*Review of Reviews*]

THE truth about Kitchener is that he was a very great soldier, but could not delegate power, so that he kept too much in his own hands. But Mr. Germaines will have no blemish on his idol, and this defect, patent to all in touch with the control of British war effort, he does not seem to mention; perhaps he did not know it. Mr. Germaines refers to the 'wild and foolish outcry for conscription, raised principally by the Northcliffe press.' Here, too, one is doubtful of the author's knowledge. At any rate, there is no mention of the criminal wastefulness of a system which, when this 'wild and foolish outcry' was raised, retained in the trenches as privates and sergeants world-famous engineers, chemists, and technicians who later, when the real need of the nation became evident, were found to be dead or incapacitated, while ordinary men who should have been in their places still retained their civilian jobs. One battalion alone, before this

'wild and foolish outcry' was raised, actually had as a sergeant a university professor of chemistry, as a cook a university professor of Italian, and among its subalterns one of the chief engineers of the Assouan dam. Lord Kitchener needs no defense, and such works as this merely provoke the direction of attention to faults which were human and which otherwise would be ignored to his greater glory.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE author enters boldly into the lists in regard to every part of the controversy raging round the ability of Lord Kitchener, and it must be admitted that he makes out a good case. Most of his arguments are, however, marred by a bitterness of expression when dealing with Lord Kitchener's critics, which, though it resembles the manner of many of the attacks on his hero, destroys much of the effect of otherwise sound reasoning. He is apt also to be expansive on strategic questions which have but little bearing on his subject. The book would have been all the better for the omission of these extraneous matters.

Claude Monet, by Camille Mauclair. London: Bodley Head; New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1925.

[*Review of Reviews*]

IT was Monet's early work, *Sunrise*, an *Impression*, which, by offering to the critics of the day an easy target for the shafts of their ridicule, presented the world with the new term 'impressionism.' Or rather, 'impressionism,' for this was the horrid epithet at first bestowed upon the school founded by Monet and Manet, Renoir and Degas, in the middle of last century. M. Mauclair's monograph, therefore, is 'much concerned with the early history of the impressionists during those long and difficult years when Monet was enduring direst poverty in an unappreciative world. He even, with Renoir, lived one lean year on a field of potatoes which the two had planted and tilled with their own hands.

It is an interesting story, well told, and followed by an analysis on philosophy of Monet's method, though the painter himself was no enunciator of theories. Forty of his pictures are reproduced at the end of the book. As Monet was, above all, a genius of color, these give but an imperfect idea of his work, but they are a

useful, almost an essential, adjunct and illustration of the text.

September and Other Poems, by F. W. Harvey.
London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1925. 5s.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

MR. HARVEY'S 'Gloucestershire Lad' had also a real note of country nostalgia during the war; and in the poems now gathered together from the magazines he makes nature's little sights and sounds more intimate with beauty than grand scenes or sweeping human passions. Mr. W. H. Davies might have been glad to have written 'Rain':—

From every side there comes
Sound of the rain tapping its little drums;
Through darkness calling
Quietly; but how
Insistently, as it comes falling
Against my window.

All the night fills
With the excitement of those soft syllables
Incessantly falling
Outside: insistently
Giving great news: calling
Haply to me.

What secret would you tell,
Tale-bearing rain, could I but listen as well,
And patiently, by chance,
As the brown earth
Whose nodding nettles in the dark now dance
Moved to strange mirth?

Population, by A. M. Carr-Saunders. *The World's Manuals*. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1925.

[*New Statesman*]

MR. HAROLD WRIGHT'S little book on *Population*, published two or three years ago, was excellent; and this little book, which tackles the subject in a different way, is a useful complement to it. Mr. Carr-Saunders, in the light of his anthropological knowledge, puts the population question in a right historical perspective. He points out

that, whereas most people now appear to accept rapidly increasing population as normal, and stationary or slowly rising population as abnormal, this is by no means borne out by our knowledge of history, in which rapid increase appears rather as an abnormal phenomenon of the last hundred and fifty years. Nor, he points out, is the popular view right that attributes this difference chiefly to the destructiveness of wars and famines, and to high infant mortality, in earlier days. Civilization in its modern forms has increased rather than diminished the ravages of disease, and the ravages of war and famine are apt to be grossly exaggerated. In his view, the rapid increase of modern times is due chiefly to the breakdown or disuse—half conscious, half unconscious—of checks which had been operating for many centuries before. He does not think the increase wholly harmful; but he believes that for the future conscious control is both necessary and inevitable. The case is temperately stated, and well illustrated with figures and maps. Altogether, this is a very cheap and useful little book in a very cheap and useful series.

[*Saturday Review*]

ANYBODY who takes an intelligent interest in this very interesting subject should certainly spend half a crown on this admirable little book, which covers an astonishing amount of ground and is full of concrete information, much of which will surprise those who have not followed the statistics uncommonly closely. A census is rarely humorous, but there is a smile to be extracted from the early Chinese discrepancies—when a census was taken in connection with the poll tax and military service it was found that there was a population of 28 millions, but when not long afterward another had to be taken in connection with some measures for the relief of distress the number had grown to 103 millions. Being full of up-to-date statistics of the populations of various countries, the book will be found useful for reference.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND. *The Espalier*.
London: Chatto and Windus, 1925. 5s.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE

ETON TO-DAY

MR. OSCAR BROWNING's reminiscences of Eton, which our cover-writer played up as 'Eton Atrocities,' has brought us a pleasant letter from an English lady who was 'Dame' for two and a half years at one of the principal houses of that famous school. This lady is not only from an old Etonian family, but is related by direct descent to the family of Isaac Johnson, one of the founders of Boston, who, she writes, 'was born in my old home, Wytham-on-the-Hill, in Lincolnshire.' Her letter is designed to correct any impression our readers may have received to the effect that the Spartan conditions at Eton still continue to-day. She writes:—

Eton is the happiest spot in the world, with 1135 boys between thirteen and nineteen, all sportsmen in the best sense of the word, keen on everything, and everybody's taste is catered to. . . . Might I be allowed to allay the fears of any readers of your article when I say . . . that none of the horrors Mr. Oscar Browning had to suffer as a boy at Eton is in existence to-day. . . . Boys are called by their maids with hot water at 6.45. I much doubt if the boys wash in hot water, as the maids pour it out and leave, and no Etonian has ever been known to get up before 7.15 or even 7.25 and yet be in 'school' at 7.30. At 7.10 a manservant goes around the passages ringing a large dinner-bell to help the very sleepy ones wake up. Being late for 'early school' generally means 200 lines and being placed on 'Tardy Book.' At 7.15 in the dining-room a maid hands out hot tea and biscuit to everyone, but few are dressed soon enough to partake of this refreshment. Breakfast is at 8.20 A.M., consisting of oatmeal, grapenuts, force ad libitum, bread, butter, jam, and marmalade, tea, coffee, or milk ad libitum, and always one or two hot dishes: eggs and bacon, sausage, omelet, fish cakes, kidney, ham, kippers, fish and rice, or something of the sort. Dinner at 1.45

. . . consists of fresh hot joint, two vegetables, and a good sweet. Tea is taken in the boy's own room. The 'house' provides unlimited bread, butter, tea, milk, and a fair amount of sugar per head. The maids lay the table and bring the things to the rooms. The boys buy all extras. I was the only Dame at Eton who objected to the high prices and inferior quality of eggs and jam provided by the town shops. Finally I had a supply of eggs and jam in my sitting-room and sold them to the boys at wholesale prices. . . . The boys' parents were more than willing to have the charge for these goods added to the bill sent home. I just sat in my room, book and pencil in hand, and when Jones said, 'Six eggs, Ma'am,' it would be entered under Jones's name, and so on. As a rule fifty eggs would be bought daily, and six to eight pots of jam. In the winter, shops charged five and a half pence (eleven cents) for a stale, uneatable egg. I could procure them for the boys for three and one-half pence (or seven cents) absolutely fresh. Jam in town was fifty cents a pot. I obtained it for thirty-four cents. If I was out the boys entered their name in the book themselves, and I never had cause for complaint, except, of course, the occasional breaking of eggs on my very nice carpet. . . . Supper was at 8.30 and consisted of two hot dishes, one of meat or fish or eggs, and a sweet, bread, butter, biscuits, and cheese ad libitum, coffee or cocoa in the winter.

A Dame of to-day at Eton not only runs the housemaids, boys, accounts, and so forth, but she befriends the boys. I had forty-four boys, ages thirteen to nineteen. My essential work was their health, but we went much farther. My room was open and free to them all day long. Half-holidays we had bridge, mah jongg, vingt-et-un, poker, and so forth. No games are allowed anywhere in the house but in the Dame's room, so I was much in demand. Every Saturday night I had a dinner party of four to six boys. . . . Boys at Eton these days are cared for as well as they are at home.